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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cenci. A Tragedy, in five Acts. By Percy B. Shelley. Italy : Printed for Olliers. London, 1819. pp. 104.

Of all the abominations which intellectual perversion, and poetical atheism, have produced in our times, this tragedy appears to us to be the most abominable. We have much doubted whether we ought to notice it; but, as watchmen place a light over the common sewer which has been opened in a way dangerous to passengers, so have we concluded it to be our duty to set up a beacon on this noisome and noxious publication. We have heard of Mr. Shelley's genius; and were it exercised upon any subject not utterly revolting to human nature, we might acknowledge it. But there are topics so disgusting... and this is one of them; there are themes so vile... as this is; there are descriptions so abhorrent to mankind... and this drama is full of them; there are crimes so beastly and demoniac... in which *The Cenci* riots and luxuriates, that no feelings can be excited by their obtrusion but those of detestation at the choice, and horror at the elaboration. We protest most solemnly, that when we reached the last page of this play, our minds were so impressed with its odious and infernal character, that we could not believe it to be written by a mortal being for the gratification of his fellow-creatures on this earth: it seemed to be the production of a fiend, and calculated for the entertainment of devils in hell.

That monsters of wickedness have been seen in the world, is too true; but not to speak of the diseased appetite which would delight to revel in their deeds, we will affirm that depravity so damnable as that of Count Cenci, in the minute portraiture of which Mr. S. takes so much pains, and guilt so atrocious as that which he paints in every one of his dramatic personages, never had either individual or aggregate existence. No; the whole design, and every part of it, is a libel upon humanity; the conception of a brain not only distempered, but familiar with infamous images, and accursed contemplations. What adds to the shocking effect is the perpetual

use of the sacred name of God, and incessant appeals to the Saviour of the universe. The foul mixture of religion and blasphemy, and the dreadful association of virtuous principles with incest, parricide, and every deadly sin, form a picture which, "To look upon we dare not."

Having said, and unwillingly said, this much on a composition which we cannot view without inexpressible dislike, it will not be expected from us to go into particulars farther than is merely sufficient to enforce our warning. If we quote a passage of poetic power, it must be to bring tenfold condemnation on the head of the author—for awful is the responsibility where the head condemns the heart, and the gift of talent is so great, as to remind us of Satanic knowledge and lusts, and of "arch-angel fallen."

The story, we are told, in a preface where the writer classes himself with Shakespeare and Sophocles, although two centuries old, cannot be "mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathless interest." We have no high opinion of the morality of Italy; but we can well believe, that even in that country, such a story must, if hinted at, be repressed by general indignation, which Mr. Shelley may, if he pleases, call breathless interest. It is indeed, as he himself confesses, "eminently fearful and monstrous; any thing like a dry exhibition of it upon the stage would be insupportable" (preface ix). And yet he presumes to think that that of which even a dry exhibition upon the stage could not be endured, may be relished when arrayed in all the most forcible colouring which his pencil can supply, in all the minute details of his graphic art, in all the congenial embellishments of his inflamed imagination. Wretched delusion! and worthy of the person who ventures to tell us that, "Religion in Italy is not, as in protestant countries, a cloak to be worn on particular days; or a passport which those who do not wish to be railed at carry with them to exhibit; or a gloomy passion for penetrating the impenetrable mysteries of our being, which terrifies its possessor at the darkness of the abyss to which it has conducted him:" worthy of the person who, treating of dramatic imagery, blasphemously and senselessly says, that "imagination is as the immortal God, which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion."

The characters are Count Cenci, an old grey haired man, a horrible fiendish incarnation, who invites an illustrious company to a jubilee entertainment on the occasion of the violent death of two of his sons; who delights in nothing but the wretchedness of all

the human race, and causes all the misery in his power; who, out of sheer malignity, forcibly destroys the innocence of his only daughter; and is, in short, such a miracle of atrocity, as only this author, we think, could have conceived. Lucretia, the second wife of the Count, a most virtuous and amiable lady, who joins in a plot to murder her husband; Giacomo, his son, who because his parent has cheated him of his wife's dowry, plots his assassination; Beatrice the daughter, a pattern of beauty, integrity, grace, and sensibility, who takes the lead in all the schemes to murder her father; Orsino, a prelate, sworn of course to celibacy, and in love with Beatrice, who enters with gusto into the conspiracy, for the sound reason, that the fair-one will not dare to refuse to marry an accomplice in such a transaction; Cardinal Camillo, a vacillating demi-profligate; two bravos, who strangle the Count in his sleep; executioners, torturers, and other delectable under-parts. The action consists simply of the rout in honour of the loss of two children, of the incest, of the murderous plot, of its commission, and of its punishment by the torture and execution of the wife, son, and daughter. This is the dish of carrion, seasoned with sulphur as spice, which Mr. Shelley serves up to his friend Mr. Leigh Hunt, with a dedication, by way of grace, in which he eulogizes his "gentle, tolerant, brave, honourable, innocent, simple, pure," &c. &c. &c. disposition. What food for a humane, sympathizing creature, like Mr. Hunt! if, indeed, his tender-heartedness be not of a peculiar kind, prone to feast on "gruel thick and slab," which "like a hell-broth boils and bubbles."*

We will now transcribe a portion of the entertainment scene, to show how far the writer out herods Herod, and outrages possibility in his personation of villany, by making Count Cenci a character which transforms a Richard III. an Iago, a Sir Giles Overreach, comparatively into angels of light.

Scene III.—*A magnificent Hall in the Cenci Palace.—A Banquet. Enter Cenci, Lucretia, Beatrice, Orsino, Camillo, Nobles.*

Cen. Welcome, my friends and kinsmen; welcome ye, Princes and Cardinals, pillars of the church, Whose presence honours our festivity. I have too long lived like an anchorite,

* We are led to this remark by having accidentally read in one of Mr. Hunt's late political essays, an ardent prayer that Buonaparte might be released from St. Helena, were it only to fight another Waterloo against Wellington, on more equal terms. A strange wish for a Briton, and stranger still for a pseudo philanthropist, whether arising from a desire to have his countrymen defeated, or a slaughter productive of so much woe and desolation repeated.

And in my absence from your merry meetings
An evil world is gone abroad of me ;
But I do hope that you, my noble friends,
When you have shared the entertainment here,
And heard the pious cause for which 'tis given,
And we have pledged health or two together,
Will think me flesh and blood as well as you ;
Sinful indeed, for Adam made all so ;
But tender-hearted, meek, and pitiful.

1 *Guest*. In truth, my lord, you seem too
light of heart,
Too sprightly and companionable a man,
To act the deeds that rumour pins on you.

(*To his Companion.*)

I never saw such blythe and open cheer
In any eye !

2 *Guest*. Some most desired event,
In which we all demand a common joy,
Has brought us hither ; let us hear it, count.

Cen. It is indeed a most desired event,
If when a parent from a parent's hand
Lifts from this earth to the great father of all
A prayer, both when he lays him down to sleep,
And when he rises up from dreaming it ;
One supplication, one desire, one hope,
That he would grant a wish for his two sons
Even all that he demands in their regard—
And suddenly beyond his dearest hope,
It is accomplished, he should then rejoice,
And call his friends and kinsmen to a feast,
And task their love to grace his merriment,
Then honour me thus far—for I am he.

Beatr. (*to Lucretia.*) Great God ! how horri-
ble ! Some dreadful ill
Must have befallen my brothers.

Lucr. Fear not, child,
He speaks too frankly.

Beatr. Ah ! My blood runs cold.
I fear that wicked laughter round his eye
Which wrinkles up the skin even to the hair.

Cen. Here are the letters brought from Sala-
manca ;

Beatrice, read them to your mother. God !
I think thee ! In one night didst thou perform,
By ways inscrutable, the thing I sought.
My disobedient and rebellious sons
Are dead !—Why dead !—What means this
change of cheer ?

You hear me not, I tell you they are dead ;
And they will need no food nor raiment more ;
The tapers that did light them the dark way
Are their last rest. The Pope, I think, will not
Expect I should maintain them in their coffins.
Rejoice with me—my heart is wondrous glad.

Beatr. (*Lucretia sinks, half fainting ; Beatrice supports her.*)

It is not true !—Dear lady, pray look up.
Had it been true, there is a God in Heaven,
He would not live to boast of such a boon.
Unnatural man, thou knowest that it is false.

Cen. Aye, as the word of God ; whom here
I call

To witness that I speak the sober truth ;—
And whose most favouring Providence was
shewn

Even in the manner of their deaths. For Rocco
Was kneeling at the mass, with sixteen others,
When the church fell and crushed them to a
mummy,

The rest escaped unhurt. Cristofano
Was stabbed in error by a jealous man,
Whilst she he loved was sleeping with his rival ;
All in the self same hour of the same night ;
Which shews that Heaven has special care of me.
I beg those friends who love me, that they
mark

The day a feast upon their calendars.
It was the twenty-seventh of December :
Aye, read the letters if you doubt my oath.

(*The assembly appears confused ; several of the
guests rise.*)

1 *Guest*. Oh, horrible ! I will depart.

2 *Guest*. And I.

3 *Guest*. No, stay !

I do believe it is some jest ; tho' faith !
'Tis mocking us somewhat too solemnly.
I think his son has married the infants,
Or found a mine of gold in El dorado ;
'Tis but to season some such news : stay, stay !
I see 'tis only railery by his smile.

Cen. (*filling a bowl of wine, and lifting it up.*)
Oh thou bright wine whose purple splendour
leaps

And bubbles gaily in this golden bowl
Under the lamp light as my spirits do,
To hear the death of my accursed sons !
Could I believe thou wert their mingled blood,
Then would I taste thee like a sacrament,
And pledge with thee the mighty Devil in hell,
Who, if a father's curses, as men say,
Climb with swift wings after their children's
souls,

And drag them from the very throne of Heaven,
Now triumphs in my triumph !—But thou art
Superfluous ; I have drunken deep of joy
And I will taste no other wine to-night,
Here, Andrea ! Bear the bowl around.

A Guest (*rising*). Thou wretch !

Will none among this noble company
Check the abandoned villain ?

Cen. For God's sake

Let me dismiss the guests ! You are insane ;
Some ill will come of this.

2 *Guest*. Seize, silence him !

1 *Guest*. I will !

3 *Guest*. And I !

Cen. (*Addressing those who rise with a threaten-
ing gesture.*)

Who moves ? Who speaks ?

(*Turning to the Company.*)

'tis nothing.

Enjoy yourselves.—Beware ! For my revenge
Is as the sealed commission of a king
That kills, and none dare name the murderer.

(*The Banquet is broken up.*)

This single example, which is far from
being the most obnoxious, unnatural, and
infernal in the play, would fully justify the
reprobation we have pronounced. Mr.
Shelley, nor no man, can pretend that any
good effect can be produced by the delineation
of such diabolism ; the bare suggestions
are a heinous offence ; and whoever may be
the author of such a piece, we will assert,
that Belzebub alone is fit to be the prompter.
The obscenity too becomes more refinedly
vicious when Beatrice, whose "crimes and
miseries," forsooth, are as the mask and the
mantle in which *circumstances clothed her*
for her impersonation on the scenes of the
world* is brought prominently forward.
But we cannot dwell on this. We pass to a
quotation which will prove that Mr. Shelley
is capable of powerful writing : the description
of sylvan scenery would be grand, and
Salvator-like, were it not put into the mouth
of a child pointing out the scene for the murder
of the author of her being, "unfit to
live, but more unfit to die."

* Preface, xiii., and a sentence, which, if
not nonsense, is a most pernicious sophistry.
There is some foundation for the story, as the
Cenci family were devoured by a terrible catas-
trophe ; and a picture of the daughter by Guido, is
still in the Colonna Palace.

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine ; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice ;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulph, and with the agony
With which it clings seems slowly coming down ;
Even as a wretched soul, hour, after hour,
Clings to the mass of life ; yet clinging, leans ;
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall : beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns—below,
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm ; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars, and yews, and pines ; whose tangled
hair

Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noon day here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

Ors. Before you reach that bridge make some
excuse

For spurring on your mules, or loitering

Until—

Beatr. What sound is that ?

Lucr. Hark ! No, it cannot be a servant's
step ;

It must be Cenci, unexpectedly
Returned—Make some excuse for being here.

Beatr. (*to ORSINO, as she goes out.*)

That step we hear approach must never pass
The bridge of which we spoke.

It will readily be felt by our readers why
we do not multiply our extracts. In truth
there are very few passages which will bear
transplanting to a page emulous of being
read in decent and social life. The lament-
able obliquity of the writer's mind pervades
every sentiment, and "corruption mining
all within," renders his florid tints and imi-
tations of beauty only the more loathsome.
Are loveliness and wisdom incompatible ?
Mr. Shelley makes one say of Beatrice, that
Men wondered how such loveliness and wisdom
Did not destroy each other !

Cenci's imprecation on his daughter,
though an imitation of Lear, and one of a
multitude of direct plagiarisms, is abso-
lutely too shocking for perusal ; and the dy-
ing infidelity of that paragon of parricides, is
all we dare to venture to lay before the
public.

Whatever comes, my heart shall sink no more.
And yet, I know not why, your words strike
chill :

How tedious, false and cold seem all things. I
Have met with much injustice in this world ;
No difference has been made by God or man,
Or any power moulding my wretched lot,
'Twixt good or evil as regarded me.

I am cut off from the only world I know,
From light, and life, and love, in youth's sweet
prime.

You do well telling me to trust in God,
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust ? And yet my heart is cold.

We now most gladly take leave of this
work ; and sincerely hope, that should
we continue our literary pursuits for
fifty years, we shall never need again
to look into one so stamped with pol-
lution, impiousness, and infamy.

Scoresby's Account of the Arctic Regions, &c.

[Resumed from page 184. No. 165.]

The following general picture is very curious.

Spitzbergen and its islands, with some other countries within the Arctic circle, exhibit a kind of scenery which is altogether novel. The principal objects which strike the eye, are innumerable mountainous peaks, ridges, precipices, or needles, rising immediately out of the sea, to an elevation of 3000 or 4000 feet, the colour of which, at a moderate distance, appears to be blackish shades of brown, green, grey and purple; snow or ice in stripe or patches, occupying the various clefts and hollows in the sides of the hills, capping some of the mountain summits, and filling with extended beds the most considerable valleys; and ice of the glacier form, occurring at intervals all along the coast, in particular situations as already described, in prodigious accumulations. The glistening or vitreous appearance of the ice-berg precipices; the purity, whiteness, and beauty of the sloping expanse, formed by their snowy surfaces; the gloomy shade presented by the adjoining or intermixed mountains and rocks, perpetually "covered with a mourning veil of black lichens," with the sudden transitions into a robe of purest white, where patches or beds of snow occur, present a variety and extent of contrast altogether peculiar; which, when enlightened by the occasional ethereal brilliancy of the Polar sky, and harmonized in its serenity with the calmness of the ocean, constitute a picture both novel and magnificent. There is, indeed, a kind of majesty, not to be conveyed in words, in these extraordinary accumulations of snow and ice in the valleys, and in the rocks above rocks, and peaks above peaks, in the mountain groups, seen rising above the ordinary elevation of the clouds, and terminating occasionally in crests of everlasting snow, especially when you approach the shore under shelter of the impenetrable density of a summer fog; in which case the fog sometimes disperses like the drawing of a curtain, when the strong contrast of light and shade, heightened by a cloudless atmosphere and powerful sun, bursts on the senses in a brilliant exhibition, resembling the production of magic.

To this strong contrast of light and shade, with the great height and steepness of the mountains, is to be attributed a remarkable deception in the apparent distance of the land. Any strangers to the Arctic countries, however well acquainted with other regions, and however capable of judging of the distance of land generally, must be completely at a loss in their estimations when they approach within sight of Spitzbergen. When at the distance of twenty miles, it would be no difficult matter to induce even a judicious stranger to undertake a passage in a boat to the shore, from the belief that he was within a league of the land. At this distance, the portions of rock and patches of snow, as well as the contour of the different hills, are as distinctly marked, as similar objects, in many

other countries, not having snow about them, would be at a fourth or a fifth part of the same distance. Not, indeed, strangers only, but persons who have been often to Spitzbergen, such as the officers and seamen of the whale-ships, have not unfrequently imagined, that their ship could not stand an hour towards the land without running aground; and yet, perhaps, the ship has sailed three or four hours directly "in shore," and still been remote from danger. This is a fact which I have seen realized among my own officers repeatedly. There are circumstances, indeed, when, by a slight change in the density of the atmosphere, a ship, after sailing towards the land for some hours, may appear to be as far off as at first. Thus, in clear weather, the high land of Spitzbergen is perfectly well defined, and every thing on it appears distinct, when at the distance of forty miles. If, after sailing five hours towards the shore, from this situation, at the rate of four or five knots per hour, the atmosphere should become a little hazy, or even only dark and cloudy, the land might appear to be further distant than before. Hence we can account, on a reasonable ground, for a curious circumstance related in a Danish voyage, undertaken for the recovery of the last colony in Greenland, by Mogens Heinson. This person, who passed for a renowned seamen in his day, was sent out by Frederick II. King of Denmark. After encountering many difficulties and dangers from storms and ice, he got sight of the east coast of Greenland, and attempted to get to it; but though the sea was quite free from ice, and the wind favourable, and blowing a fresh gale, he, after proceeding several hours without appearing to get any nearer the land, became alarmed, tacked about, and returned to Denmark. On his arrival, he attributed this extraordinary circumstance, magnified, no doubt, by his fears, to his vessel having been stopped in its course by "some loadstone rocks hidden in the sea." Most authors who have had occasion to refer to Heinson's voyage, have speculated on this circumstance; but no one, I believe, has satisfactorily explained the origin of his fears. The true cause, however, of what he took to be a submarine magnetic influence, arose, I doubt not, from the deceptive character of the land as to distance, which I have attempted to describe.

Captain Scoresby landed on Spitzbergen, and ascended one of the highest eminences near the shore.

From the brow of the mountain, on the side by which we ascended, many masses of stone were dislodged by design or accident, which, whatever might be their size, shape or weight, generally made their way with accelerated velocity to the bottom. As they bounded from rock to rock, they produced considerable smoke at each concussion, and setting in motion numerous fragments in their course, they were usually accompanied by showers of stones, all of which were lodged in a bed of snow, lying 2000 feet below the place where the first were disengaged. This may afford some idea of the nature of the

inclination: Most of the larger stones which were set off, broke into numbers of pieces; but some considerable masses of a tabular form, wheeled down upon their edges, and though they made bounds of several hundred feet at a time, and acquired a most astonishing velocity, they sometimes got to the bottom without breaking.—He continues;—

The effect of the elevation, and the brightness of the picture, were such, that the sea, which was at least a league from us, appeared within reach of a musket shot; mountains a dozen miles off, seemed scarcely a league from us; and our vessel which we knew was at the distance of a league from the shore, appeared in danger of the rocks.

After a short rest, in which we were much refreshed with a gentle breeze of wind that here prevailed; and after we had surveyed the surrounding scenery as long as it afforded any thing striking, we commenced the descent. This task, however, which before the attempt, we had viewed with indifference, we found really a very hazardous, and in some instances a painful undertaking. The way now seemed precipitous. Every movement was a work of deliberation. The stones were so sharp that they cut our boots and pained our feet, and so loose that they gave way almost at every step, and frequently threw us backward with force against the hill. We were careful to advance abreast of each other, for any individual being below us would have been in danger of being overwhelmed with the stones, which we unintentionally dislodged in showers. Having by much care, and some anxiety, made good our descent to the top of the secondary hills, to save the fatigue of crawling along the sharp ridge that we had before traversed, we took down one of the steepest banks, the inclination of which was little less than fifty degrees. The stones here being very small and loose, we sat down on the side of the hill, and slid forward with great facility in a sitting posture. Towards the foot of the hill, an expanse of snow stretched across the line of descent. This being loose and soft, we entered upon it without fear, and our progress at first was by no means rapid; but on reaching the middle of it, we came to a surface of solid ice, perhaps a hundred yards across, over which we launched with astonishing velocity, but happily escaped without injury. The men whom we left below, viewed this latter movement with astonishment and fear.

On the flat of land next the sea, we met with the horns of rein-deer, many skulls and other bones of sea-horses, whales, narwhales, foxes and seals, and some human skeletons laid in chest-like coffins, exposed naked on the strand. Two Russian lodges formed of logs of pine, with a third in ruins, were also seen; the former, from a quantity of fresh chips about them, and other appearances within them, gave evidence of their having been recently inhabited. One of them, though small, seemed a middling kind of lodging, but smelt intolerably of the smoke of wood and steam of oil. Many domestic utensils were within and about it. A new hurdle lay by the door, and traps for foxes

and birds were scattered along the beach. These huts were built upon the ridge of shingle adjoining the sea.

Among the shingle on the beach, were numbers of nests, containing the eggs of terns, ducks, and burgomasters, and in some of them were young birds. One of the latter, which we took on board, was very lively, and grew rapidly; but having taken a fancy to a cake of white lead, with which the surgeon was finishing a drawing, he was poisoned. The nests were all watched by the respective birds they belonged to; which, with loud screams and bold attacks, defended them from the arctic gulls and other predatory birds that hovered about the place. They even descended within a yard or two of some of the sailors, who were so cruel as to take their eggs or young, and followed them for a considerable time, screaming most violently. Several of these eggs were afterwards hatched in warm saw-dust, but the young birds generally died soon after they left the shell.

The only insect I saw was a small green fly, which swarmed upon the shingle about the beach. The sea along the coast teemed with a species of helix, with the elio borealis, and with small shrimps. But no animal of the class Vermes was seen on the shore. The birds seen were the puffin, tern, little auk, guillemot, black guillemot or tyste, kittiwake, fulmar, burgomaster, arctic gull, brent-goose, elder-duck, crimson-headed sparrow (*Fringilla flammea*), sandpiper, &c.; but no living quadruped was observed.

The climate of Spitzbergen is no doubt more disagreeable, to human feeling, than that of any other country yet discovered. Extending to within ten degrees of the Pole, it is generally intensely cold, and even in the three warmest months, the temperature not averaging more than 34° degrees, it is then subject to a cold occasionally of three, four, or more degrees below the freezing point. It has the advantage, however, of being visited by the sun for an uninterrupted period of four months in each year, thus having a Summer's Day, if so long an interval between the rising and setting of the sun may be so denominated, consisting of one-third part of the year. But its winter is proportionally desolate; the sun, in the northern parts of the country, remaining perpetually below the horizon from about the 22d of October to about the 22d of February. This great Winter Night, though sufficiently dreary, is by no means so dark as might be expected, as the sun, even during its greatest south declination, approaches within 13½° of the horizon, and affords a faint twilight for about one-fourth part of every twenty-four hours. Added to this twilight, the aurora borealis, which sometimes exhibits a brilliancy approaching to a blaze of fire,—the stars, which shine with an uncommon degree of brightness,—and the moon, which, in north declination, appears for twelve or fourteen days together without setting,—altogether have an effect which, when heightened by the reflection of a constant surface of snow, generally give sufficient light for going abroad;—but, with the

light afforded by the heavens, when the moon is below the horizon, it is seldom possible to read.

Bears seem to be the only quadrupeds which stir abroad throughout the winter; for, though foxes and rein-deer remain constantly in the country, they are only to be met with, in any quantity, at certain seasons. Foxes begin to appear in the month of February, and are to be seen in March in great numbers. Bears, at the same time, become more abundant, and the birds re-appear in the month of April.

Spitzbergen does not afford many vegetables. It may be remarked, that vegetation goes on uncommonly quickly in this country. Most of the plants spring up, flower, and afford seed, in the course of a month or six weeks. They are chiefly of dwarfish size; some of the flowers are really pretty, but exhibit few colours, excepting yellow, white, and purple. And it is not unworthy of observation, that the only plant I met with in Spitzbergen, partaking of the nature of a tree, (a *Salix* allied to *S. herbacea*), grows but to the height of three or four inches.

On Cherie Island, which is about 10 miles in its greatest extent 1000 morses (Sea-Horses) have been killed in seven hours; but the greater emolument derivable from the whale fishing has procured a respite for these animals.

The third chapter, allotted to a hydrographical survey of the Greenland seas, is a most ingenious paper, replete with important facts, and enriched with useful experiments. The colour of the sea, the nature of the currents, the appearance of the waves, &c. are all satisfactorily investigated and philosophically explained.

The very slight difference in the saltiness of the waters of the ocean, from the tropics to the arctic circle is well known; but, perhaps, our readers are not aware that their specific gravity is so nearly the same that the lowest, observed by Mr. Scoresby in lat. 78° and long. 7° east, was 1.0259, while the highest, observed by Mr. Lamarche, lat. 20° 21' south, and long. 27° 5' west of Paris, was only 1.0297—a difference of no more than .0038.

The colour of the Greenland Sea varies from ultramarine blue to olive green, and from the most pure transparency to striking opacity. These appearances are not transitory, but permanent; not depending on the state of the weather, but on the quality of the water. The green occurs in considerable quantity, forming, perhaps, one-fourth part of the surface of the Greenland Sea, between the parallels of 74° and 80°. It is liable to alterations in its position, from the action of the current; but still it is always renewed, near certain situations, from year to year. Often it constitutes long bands or streams, lying north and south, or north-east and south-west; but of very variable dimensions:

sometimes, I have seen it extend two or three degrees of latitude in length, and from a few miles, to ten or fifteen leagues in breadth. It occurs very commonly about the meridian of London, in high latitudes. In the year 1817, the sea was found to be of a blue colour, and transparent, all the way from 12° east, in the parallel of 74° or 75°, to the longitude of 0° 12' east, in the same parallel. It then became green, and less transparent. The colour was nearly grass-green, with a shade of black. Sometimes the transition between the green and blue water is progressive, passing through the intermediate shades in the space of three or four leagues; at others, it is so sudden, that the line of separation is seen like the rippling of a current; and the two qualities of the water keep apparently as distinct as the waters of a large muddy river, on first entering the sea. In 1817, I fell in with such narrow stripes of various coloured water, that we passed streams of pale green, olive green, and transparent blue, in the course of ten minutes sailing.

The food of the whale occurs chiefly in the green coloured water; it therefore affords whales in greater numbers than any other quality of the sea, and is constantly sought after by the fishers. Besides, whales are more easily taken in it, than in blue water, on account of its great obscurity preventing the whales from seeing distinctly the approach of their enemies.

This colour, singular to say, results from animals of the medusa kind, some resembling small portions of fine hair, and others semi-transparent globules, of from one twentieth to one thirtieth of an inch in diameter. So minute is the food of the stupendous whale!

The number of medusæ in the olive-green sea was found to be immense. They were about one-fourth of an inch asunder. In this proportion, a cubic inch of water must contain 64; a cubic foot 110,592; a cubic fathom 23,887,872; and a cubical mile about 23,888,000,000,000! From soundings made in the situation where these animals were found, it is probable the sea is upwards of a mile in depth; but whether these substances occupy the whole depth is uncertain. Provided, however, the depth to which they extend be but 250 fathoms, the above immense number of one species may occur in a space of two miles square. It may give a better conception of the amount of medusæ in this extent, if we calculate the length of time that would be requisite, with a certain number of persons, for counting this number. Allowing that one person could count a million in seven days, which is barely possible, it would have required, that 80,000 persons should have started at the creation of the world, to complete the enumeration at the present time!

What a stupendous idea this fact gives of the immensity of creation, and of the bounty of Divine Providence, in furnishing such a profusion of life in a region so remote from the habitations of men! But if the number

of animals in a space of two miles square be so great, what must be the amount requisite for the discolouration of the sea, through an extent of perhaps twenty or thirty thousand square miles?

These animals are not without their evident economy, as on their existence possibly depends the being of the whole race of mysticete, and some other species of cetaceous animals. For, the minute medusæ apparently afford nourishment to the sepæ, actinæ, cancri, helices, and other genera of Mollusca and Aptera, so abundant in the Greenland Sea, while these latter constitute the food of several of the whale tribe inhabiting the same region; thus producing a dependent chain of animal life, one particular link of which being destroyed, the whole must necessarily perish.

Besides the minute medusæ and monilliform substances, the water of the Spitzbergen Sea, taken up in latitude 77° 30', was found to contain several species of animalcules. Of these I discovered three kinds, full of animal life, but invisible to the naked eye.

There can be no doubt, I think, after what has been advanced, that the medusæ and other minute animals that have been described, give the peculiar colour to the sea, which is observed to prevail in these parts; and that from their profusion, they are, at the same time, the occasion of that great diminution of transparency which always accompanies the olive-green colour. For in the blue water, where few of the little medusæ exist, the sea is uncommonly transparent. Captain Wood, when attempting the discovery of a north-east passage, in the year 1676, sounded near Nova Zembla in 80 fathoms water, where the bottom was not only to be seen, but even the shells lying on the ground were clearly visible.

(To be concluded.)

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. 2 vols. 8vo. (continued.)

Wesley's first important alteration after this period was to resort to extemporaneous prayer. Between 40 or 50, now (1738) congregated in London, agreeing to meet weekly and draw up the fundamental rules of their society, "in obedience to the command of God by St. James, and by the advice of Peter Boehler."

"They were to be divided into several bands or little companies, none consisting of fewer than five, or more than ten persons; in these bands every one in order engaged to speak as freely, plainly, and concisely as he could, the real state of his heart, with his several temptations and deliverances since the last meeting. On Wednesday evenings, at eight o'clock, all the bands were to have a conference, beginning and ending with hymns and prayer. Any person who desired admission into this society was to be asked, what were his motives, whether he would be entirely open, using no kind of reserve, and whether he objected to any of the rules. When he should be proposed, every one present who felt any objection to his admission, should state it fairly and fully: they who were received on trial were to be formed into

distinct bands, and some experienced person chosen to assist them; and if no objection appeared to them after two months, they might then be admitted into the society. Every fourth Saturday was to be observed as a day of general intercession; and on the Sunday sevennight following, a general love-feast should be held, from seven till ten in the evening. The last article provided that no member should be allowed to act in any thing contrary to any order of the society, and that any person who did not conform to those orders after being thrice admonished, should no longer be esteemed a member. These rules were in the spirit of the Moravian institutions, for Wesley was now united with the Brethren in doctrine, as far as he understood their doctrine, and well disposed to many parts of their discipline. Charles also now yielded to Peter Boehler's commanding abilities, and was by him persuaded of the necessity of a faith differing from any thing which he had yet felt or imagined. The day after he had won this victory, Boehler left London to embark for Georgia."

Thus gradually approaching what the Methodists denominate *efficient faith*, Wesley continued till "Wednesday May 24th, a remarkable day in the history of Methodism, for upon that day he dates his conversion,—a point, say his official biographers, of the utmost magnitude, not only with respect to himself but to others.

"On the evening of that day he went very unwillingly to a Society in Aldersgate Street, where one of the assembly was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans.—What followed is considered by his disciples as being of deep importance; it may therefore best be given in his own words: 'About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation: and an assurance was given me, that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitely used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, This cannot be faith, for where is thy joy?—How many a thought arising from that instinctive logic which is grounded on common sense, has been fathered upon the personified principle of evil! Here was a plain contradiction in terms,—an assurance which had not assured him. He returned home, and was buffeted with temptations; he cried out and they fled away; they returned again and again. 'I as often lifted up my eyes,' he says, 'and He sent me help from his holy place. And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yes fighting with all my might under the law, as well as under grace: but then I was sometimes, if not often conquered; now I was always conqueror.'"

About a fortnight subsequent to this *new birth*, and in the full career of fanatical en-

thusiasm, Wesley, together with Ingham and six others, left England for the Moravian Establishment at Herrnhut in Germany, of the origin and progress of which see the author takes a rapid view. Count Zinzendorf, and the Herrnhutters were at that era in a state of the grossest abomination, which was afterwards reformed, for their meaning was as unquestionably good as their means were evil. Wesley returned to London after a short absence, and Whitefield also came back from America. At this time began the practice of fitting condemned criminals for execution, which has since been carried to so deplorable a length that murderers go out of the world in the persuasion of martyrs, and the vilest wretches (through a momentary delusion miscalled faith) die the death of saints in glory. But this was at the height of the Wesleyan excitement and enthusiasm, and before Methodism had assumed, with a consistent form, a sober character. On the 17th of February, 1739, Whitefield appeared in his "first field pulpit" at Rose Green near Bristol, and preached for the colliers of Kingswood. The Chancellor of the diocese interfered, and a rupture ensued, which finally led to the separation of the new sect from the Church of England. The dreadful paroxysms which in the earlier stages of Methodism, manifested that the disciples had been born again in grace, are now only to be found in America; and the love-feasts have, we trust, no likeness in these wiser times. On the 12th of May, 1739, the foundation-stone of the first Methodist preaching-house was laid, in a piece of ground obtained for that purpose, near St. James's Church-yard, Bristol. Whitefield was now preaching in London, and "a layman, whose name was Shaw, insisted that a priesthood was an unnecessary and unscriptural institution; and that he himself had as good a right to preach, baptize, and administer the sacraments, as any other man. Such a teacher found ready believers; the propriety of lay-preaching was contended for at the society in Fetter-Lane, and Charles Wesley strenuously opposed what he called these pestilent errors. In spite of his opposition, a certain Mr. Bowers set the first example. Two or three more ardent innovators declared that they would no longer be members of the Church of England." Howel Harris, the first great promoter of Methodism in Wales, started at this period; and Whitefield's first celebrated preachings in Moorfields, and Kennington Common, took place. A picture of the effect of these sermons may be copied from Wesley's statement of what happened to him at Wapping. "'While,' he says, 'I was earnestly inviting all men to enter into the *Holiest by this new and living way*, many of those that heard began to call upon God with strong cries and tears; some sunk down, and there remained no strength in them; others exceedingly trembled and quaked; some were torn with a kind of convulsive motion in every part of their bodies, and that so violently, that often four or five persons could not hold one of them. I have seen many hysterical and epileptic fits, but none of them were like these in many respects.

I immediately prayed that God would not suffer those who were weak to be offended; but one woman was greatly, being sure they might help it if they would, no one should persuade her to the contrary; and she was got three or four yards, when she also dropt down in as violent an agony as the rest. Twenty-six of those who had been thus affected (most of whom, during the prayers which were made for them, were in a moment filled with peace and joy,) promised to call upon me the next day; but only eighteen came, by talking closely with whom I found reason to believe that some of them had gone home to their houses justified; the rest seemed to be patiently waiting for it. A difference of opinion concerning these outward signs, as they were called, was one of the subjects which had distracted the London Methodists, and rendered Wesley's presence among them necessary. Over these new prophets, the Methodists prevailed, though not without a considerable struggle; and itinerant preaching began to grow common. Samuel Wesley, the elder brother, thus writes to his mother at this date—"It was with exceeding concern and grief I heard you had countenanced a spreading delusion, so far as to be one of Jack's congregation. Is it not enough that I am bereft of both my brothers, but must my mother follow too? I earnestly beseech the Almighty to preserve you from joining a schism at the close of your life, as you were unfortunately engaged in one at the beginning of it. They boast of you already as a disciple. Charles has told John Bentham that I do not differ much, if we understand one another. I am afraid I must be forced to advertise, such is their apprehension, or their charity. But they design separation. Things will take their natural course, without an especial interposition of Providence. They are already forbid all the pulpits in London, and to preach in that diocese is actual schism. In all likelihood it will come to the same all over England, if the Bishops have courage enough. They leave off the liturgy in the fields: though Mr. Whitefield expresses his value for it, he never once read it to his utterdemations on a common. Their societies are sufficient to dissolve all other societies but their own: will any man of common sense or spirit suffer any domestic to be in a bond engaged to relate every thing without reserve to five or ten people, that concerns the person's conscience, how much soever it may concern the family? Ought any married persons to be there, unless husband and wife be there together? This is literally putting asunder whom God hath joined together. As I told Jack, I am not afraid the church should excommunicate him, discipline is at too low an ebb; but that he should excommunicate the church. It is pretty near it. Holiness and good works are not so much as conditions of our acceptance with God. Love-fests are introduced, and extemporary prayers and expositions of Scripture, which last are enough to bring in all confusion: nor is it likely they will want any miracles to support them. He only can stop them from being a formed sect, in a

very little time, who ruleth the madness of the people. Ecclesiastical censures have lost their terrors, thank fanaticism on the one hand and atheism on the other. To talk of persecution therefore from thence is mere insult. Poor Brown, who gave name and rise to the first separatists, though he repented every vein of his heart, could never undo the mischief he had done."

"Samuel Wesley* died within three weeks after the date of this letter; and John says in his journal, 'We could not but rejoice at hearing from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence, God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. Oh! may every one who opposes it be thus convinced that this doctrine is of God!' Wesley cannot be suspected of intentional deceit: yet who is there upon reading this passage would suppose that Samuel had died after an illness of four hours?—well might he protest against the apprehension or the charity of those who were so eager to hold him up to the world as their convert. The state of mind which this good man enjoyed had nothing in common with the extravagant doctrine of assurance which his brothers were preaching with such vehemence during the ebullition of their enthusiasm; it was the sure and certain hope of a sincere and humble Christian who trusted in the merits of his Saviour and the mercy of his God. He died as he had lived, in that essential faith which has been common to all Christians in all ages;—that faith wherein he had been trained up, which had been rooted in him by a sound education, and confirmed by diligent study, and by his own ripe judgment. And to that faith Wesley himself imperceptibly returned as time and experience taught him to correct his aberrations. In his old age he said to Mr. Melville Horne these memorable words: 'When fifty years ago my brother Charles and I, in the simplicity of our hearts, told the good people of England, that unless they knew their sins were forgiven, they were under the wrath and curse of God, I marvel, Melville, they did not stone us! The Methodists, I hope, know better now: we preach assurance as we always did, as a common privilege of the children of God; but we do not enforce it, under the pain of damnation, denounced on all who enjoy it not.'"

Not long after this, Wesley separated from the Moravians, with strong feelings on both sides; but these time considerably healed. The Wesleys, however, maintained the doctrine of Christian perfection in the new man; the Moravians, that a heaven

* In the History of Dissenters by David Bogue and James Bennet, (vol. iii. p. 9.) Samuel Wesley is called "a worldly priest, who hated all pretence to more religion than our neighbours, as an infallible mark of a dissenter!" The amiable spirit which is displayed in this sentence, its liberality, its charity, and its regard to truth, require no comment.

† This passage may probably have been the cause of the breach between John Wesley and his brother's family, and to that breach the preservation of Samuel's letter is owing.

of corruption remained in the old till death. But a more memorable event was the separation between Wesley and Whitefield.

"Wesley wished to obtain Whitefield's acquiescence in his favourite doctrine of perfection, the 'free, full, and present salvation from all the guilt, all the power, and all the in-being of sin;' a doctrine as untenable as it was acceptable to weak minds and inflated imaginations. He knew also that Whitefield held the Calvinistic tenets of election and irreversible decrees; tenets which, if true, would make God unjust, and the whole Gospel a mere mockery. Upon both these subjects he wrote to his old friend and disciple, who at this time, though he could yield to him upon neither, wished earnestly to avoid all dispute. 'My honoured friend and brother,' said he in his reply, 'for once hearken to a child who is willing to wash your feet. I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, if you would have my love confirmed towards you, write no more to me about misrepresentations wherein we differ. To the best of my knowledge, at present no sin has dominion over me, yet I feel the strugglings of indwelling sin day by day. The doctrine of election, and the final perseverance of those who are in Christ, I am ten thousand times more convinced of, if possible, than when I saw you last. You think otherwise. Why then should we dispute, when there is no probability of convincing?' The Calvinistic Methodists in England, however, forced on the separation which their leader Whitefield thus deprecated in his letters from America, (1740). "One of the leading members in London, by name Acourt, had disturbed the society by introducing his disputed tenets, till Charles Wesley gave orders that he should no longer be admitted. John was present when next he presented himself and demanded whether they refused admitting a person only because he differed from them in opinion. Wesley answered no, but asked what opinion he meant. He replied, 'that of election. I hold that a certain number are elected from eternity, and these must and shall be saved, and the rest of mankind must and shall be damned.' And he affirmed that many of the society held the same; upon which Wesley observed that he never asked whether they did or not; 'only let them not trouble others by disputing about it.' Acourt replied, 'Nay, but I will dispute about it.'—'Why then,' said Wesley, 'would you come among us, who you know are of another mind.'—'Because you are all wrong, and I am resolved to set you all right.'—'I fear,' said Wesley, 'your coming with this view would neither profit you nor us.' 'Then,' rejoined Acourt, 'I will go and tell all the world that you and your brother are false prophets. And I tell you in one fortnight you will all be in confusion.'"

Wesley now turned to the organization of those who adhered to his opinions. The system of classing, still in practice, was adopted; itinerancy was taken up, and lay preachers soon laboured in common with those who were originally in orders. Nelson, a stone mason in Yorkshire, greatly

distinguished himself among the first in this line. The Quakers had long before given up this custom, so that it was quite a novelty: but "Cotton Mather has preserved a choice specimen of invective against Dr. Owen, by one of the primitive Quakers, whose name was Fisher. It was, indeed, a species of rhetoric in which they indulged freely, and exceeded all other sectarians." Fisher addressed him thus: 'Thou fiery fighter and green-headed trumpeter; thou hedgehog and grinning dog; thou bastard, that tumbled out of the mouth of the Babylonish bawd; thou mole; thou tinker; thou lizard; thou hell of no metal, but the ton: of a kettle; thou wheelbarrow; thou whirlpool; thou whirlingig; O thou firebrand; thou adder and scorpion; thou louse; thou cow-dung; thou moon-calf; thou ragged tatterdemalion; thou Judas: thou livest in philosophy and logic, which are of the Devil.'

(To be concluded.)

HISTORY OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

(Concluded.)

[From Mills' History of the Crusades.]

The events of importance which followed the taking of Antioch, were the desertion of the cause by the Count of Vermandois, the death of Adhemar, and the march of the crusaders to Jerusalem. We may also notice, that the discussions among the chiefs led even to bloodshed, and that the commonality became so depraved as to be guilty of cannibalism. The enmity of the caliph of Egypt, and of the Turks and Persians, however, acted as a bond of union, and the approach to the holy city was the memorable consequence. "The emir of Tripoli attempted to oppose the torrent of invaders; but he was soon compelled to deprecate their vengeance; and though Raymond wished that the town should be sacked, yet mercy prevailed in the minds of the other generals; and they were contented with large supplies of provisions, the liberation of three hundred Christian slaves, and the payment of fifteen thousand pieces of gold.* The soldiers crossed the plain of Beritus, went through the country of Sidon, Atharab or Sarfend, Ptolemais or Acre; and when they arrived at Jaffa, they left their maritime route, and marched to and halted at Ramula, sixteen miles from Jerusalem. The Saracens fled from the town; and the crusaders, in their grateful joy at the possession of its riches, vowed that they would raise a bishopric to the honour of St. George, whose canonized bones reposed there, but whose virtuous spirit had procured them the

favour of Heaven. Some daring chieftains proposed to march into Egypt and destroy the head itself of the Mohammedan power: an event which would be followed by the immediate submission of Jerusalem. But the counsel was overruled on the strong arguments of the length and difficulty of the march, and the inadequacy of a small army to the accomplishment of so great an end. On the third day after their arrival at Ramula, the soldiers and people took the road to Jerusalem, and soon reached the town which, in the history of its sacred and its Roman days, had assumed the different names of Emmaus and Nicopolis. The holy city was then in view; every heart glowed with rapture; every eye was bathed in tears. The word Jerusalem was repeated in tumultuous wonder by a thousand tongues; and those who first beheld the blessed spot, called their friends to witness the glorious sight. All passed pains were forgotten; a moment's happiness outweighed years of sorrow. In their warm imaginations the sepulchre was redeemed, and the cross triumphed over the crescent. But with that rapidity of thought which distinguishes minds when strongly agitated by passion, the joy of the stranger, and the fierceness of the warrior, were changed in a moment for religious ideas and feelings. Jerusalem was the scene of the resurrection of Christ; and, therefore, the subject of holy rejoicing: but it was the place of his sufferings also; and true devotion, full of self abasement and gratitude, is as strongly affected by the causes and circumstances as the consequences of the Great Sacrifice. The soldier became in an instant the simple pilgrim; his lance and sword were thrown aside; he wept over the ground which, he said, his Saviour had wept over; and it was only with naked feet that he could worthily approach the seat of man's redemption.

Of the millions of fanatics who had vowed to rescue the sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, forty thousand only encamped before Jerusalem: and of these remains of the champions of the cross, twenty-one thousand five hundred were soldiers,—twenty thousand foot and fifteen hundred cavalry. The destruction of more than eight hundred and fifty thousand Europeans had purchased the possession of Nice, Antioch, and Edessa.

Jerusalem was invested on the 7th of June 1099, and stormed on the 15th of July. The Musselmans fought for a while, then fled to their temples, and submitted their necks to slaughter. Such was the carnage in the Mosque of Omar, that the mutilated carcasses were hurried by the torrents of blood into the court; disarmed arms and hands floated into the current that carried them into contact with bodies to which they had not belonged. Ten thousand people were murdered in this sanctuary. It was not only the lacerated and headless trunks which shocked the sight, but the figures of the victors themselves reeking with the blood of their slaughtered enemies. No place of refuge remained to the vanquished, so indiscriminately did the insatiable fanaticism of

the conquerors disregard alike supplication and resistance. Some were slain, others were thrown from the tops of the churches and of the citadel. On entering the city, the Duke of Lorraine drew his sword and murdered the helpless Saracens, in revenge for the Christian blood which had been spilt by the Moslems, and as a punishment for the raileries and outrages to which they had subjected the pilgrims. But, after having avenged the cause of heaven, Godfrey did not neglect other religious duties. He threw aside his armour, clothed himself in a linen mantle, and, with bare head and naked feet, went to the church of the sepulchre. His piety (unchristian as it may appear to enlightened days,) was the piety of all the soldiers: they laid down their arms, washed their hands, and put on habiliments of repentance. In the spirit of humility, with contrite hearts, with tears and groans, they walked over all those places which the Saviour had consecrated by his presence. The whole city was influenced by one spirit; and "the clamour of thanksgiving was loud enough to have reached the stars." The people vowed to sin no more; and the sick and poor were liberally relieved by the great, who thought themselves sufficiently rich and happy in living to see that day. All previous misfortunes were forgotten in the present holy joy. The ghost of the departed Adhemar came and rejoiced: and, as at the resurrection of Christ, the bodies of the saints arose, so, at the resurrection of the temple from the impurity of the infidels, the spirits of many of those who had fallen on the road from Europe to Jerusalem, appeared and shared in the felicity of their friends. Finally, the hermit, who, four or five years before, had wept over the degraded condition of the holy city, and had commiserated the oppressed state of the votaries of Christ in Palestine, was recognized in the person of Peter. It was remembered that he had taken charge of the letters from the patriarch to the princes of Europe: it was acknowledged that he had excited their piety, and inflamed their zeal; and the multitude fell at his feet in gratitude for his faithful discharge of his trust, praising God who was glorified in his servant. In vows of ambition subjugated cities, after the ebullition of military lawlessness, become the possessions of the victorious state and public. But in the Crusades each soldier fought from personal motives; and the cause of the war, and not submission to authority, was the principle of union. Personal interest frequently prevailed; and, accordingly, each Crusader became the owner of any particular house on the portal of which he had set his buckler. But the treasures of the mosques were converted to the use of the church and of the poor; and among the splendid spoils of two of the principal temples were seventy large chandeliers, fifty of silver, and the remainder of gold.

The massacre of the Saracens on the capture of the holy city did not proceed from the inflamed passions of victorious soldiers, but from remorseless fanaticism. Benevolence to Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics, was no part

* The Crusaders found the sugar-cane near Tripoli. Albert's account of it is curious. "It is annually cultivated with great labour. When ripe they pound it, strain off the juice, and keep it in vessels till the process of coagulation is complete, and it hardens in appearance like salt or snow. They eat it scraped and mixed with bread, or dissolved in water." P. 270. These remarks are interesting, inasmuch as they are the first on record which any European ever made concerning a plant, the cultivation whereof forms so large a chapter in the annals of human misery.

of the piety of the day; and as the Muselmans in their consciences believed that it was the will of Heaven that the religion of Muhammad should be propagated by the sword, so the Christians were under the mental delusion that they were the ministers of God's wrath on disobedient man. The Latins, on the day after the victory, massacred three hundred men to whom Tancred and Gaston de Bearn had promised protection, and had given a standard as a warrant for their safety. Though the religion of Tancred was as cruel as that of his comrades, though his deadly sword had explored every corner of the mosque of Omar, yet he respected the sacredness of his word; and nothing but the interposition of the other chiefs prevented him from retaliating on the murderers. It was resolved that no pity should be shewn to the Muselmans; and the most humane justified the determination by the opinion that, in conjunction with the Saracens of Egypt, they might molest the Christians and recover the city. The subjugated people were therefore dragged into the public places, and slain as victims. Women with children at the breast, girls and boys, all were slaughtered. The squares, the streets, and even the uninhabited places of Jerusalem again were strewn with the dead bodies of men and women, and the mangled limbs of children. No heart melted into compassion or expanded into benevolence. The city was washed, and the melancholy task was performed by some Saracenian slaves. No contemporary rejoiced out of general regard to humanity; but every one condemned the count of Tholouse, whose avarice was more alive than his superstition, and whose favourite passion made him save and conduct to Ascalon the only few Muselmans, except the slaves, who escaped the general butchery. The synagogues were set on fire, and the Jews perished in the flames.

Thus closed the First Crusade; and we shall only add, that, by a curious coincidence, the publication of Mr. Mills' admirable account of it is almost to a day contemporary with the arrival of letters from Genoa, which state that the Pasha of Egypt has entered Palestine, and taken Jerusalem!! Our analysis of this portion of Mr. Mills' labours will afford very competent grounds whereon to form a fair opinion of the remaining two thirds of Mr. Mills' excellent work. We shall therefore perhaps only very briefly run over in a future Number, the principal features of the events subsequently described.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HIMALAYAH MOUNTAINS.

In the months of October, November, and December, 1818, a young traveller from Subathoo ascended the prodigious chain of the Himalaya Mountains; and from his letters (dated Subathoo, 11th June, 1819), we

extract the most interesting particulars relating to these giants of the east, from whose foot the mighty peninsula of India stretches to Cape Comorin.*

The travellers ascended the slope of the parent ridge of the Himalayah, until they reached a plain, whose height above the level of the sea, as measured by the barometer, was 13,500 feet. On the surface of this plain, vegetation was abundant, and the earth productive; and about a quarter of a mile from their path was seen the river Pubbur making its first burst from impenetrable obscurity, and flowing over an upright wall of shattered rock of six or seven hundred feet in height, forcing its way into the valley, where it is joined by a stream from the pass.

After a series of difficulties, amidst the wild beauties of the most grand and terrific scenery, they ascended still higher, with the vegetation progressively declining, until they reached a pass where the letter says, "We arrived at half past three P. M. The wind blew from the north, and as it swept up the vast surface of snow was extremely cold. The thermometer stood at 40° a higher temperature than was looked for, considering the latitude and elevation at which we were; the snow had melted from off the southern face of the range, and disclosed the slope of the crest, upon which we pitched our tent, of no great size, yet including within its area part of the inferior boundary of snow that extended contiguous to the summit of the eastern peak or wall of the pass. We were only four yards from the ridge which was clothed with unfathomed snow and ice, descending in one sheet along a declivity which terminates with the Sutluj, at the prodigious depth of 9,000 feet.

It is impossible to describe the scene of admiration and wonder that presents itself to the astonished eye of the traveller, who from

* Since this article, for which we are indebted to the Calcutta Journal, was prepared for the press, six weeks ago, the attention of the public has been more directly called to the subject by an interesting paper in the Quarterly Review. That paper appears to subvert entirely not only Baron De Humboldt's theory of "Isothermal lines," but also Professor Leslie's system, relative to climate, and the lines of perpetual congelation. It is evident that in Asia at least we have vegetation, where, according to these doctrines, we ought to have nothing but frost; and had not M. De Humboldt given up his design of travelling in the east, he must have had ocular demonstration of the fact.

Captain Webb, the correspondent of the Quarterly Review, verifies many of Mr. Moorcroft's observations. He finds two species of cedar, one creeping along the ground; the deodar, a very large tree; the pinus strobus; the cypress, the berry-bearing yew; the walnut, hazel, birch, poplar, rhubarb, several new and stately pines and junipers, and some highly interesting sorts of grain, used by the Tartars; especially a species of barley or wheat, called Ooa, cultivated by the Bootaeas on the southern ridge, and forming the bread of the natives. This grain grows 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. The highest elevation stated by Captain Webb, is nearly 17,000 feet. Fossil bones of the deer kind, and organic remains, have been brought from the Himalayah.—*Edit.*

so elevated a spot beholds ranges of mountains, confounded in shapeless irregularity, and raising their mural crests high into the circle of perpetual winter. The view to the northward baffles description; nor is the nearer prospect at all inferior; for here you stand encompassed with wreck and desolation on every side; and the straining eye, at last dim with the snowy splendour of the more distant landscape, finds no relief in the surrounding objects, which show no trace of industry, no vestige of animated existence, except a scanty growth of moss that studs the last remains of soil, and a few lichens that appear more elevated in the crevices of the rusty crags, while the last stage of organic life is recognized in the birds that have their dwelling in the snow.

Those monuments of primitive creation, though of iron texture, yield to the slow influence of destructive time, so that the most durable of the productions of nature are seen hurrying into decay; yet so gigantic, so solid, and so imposing, is the aspect of these mountains, that it is difficult to reconcile the mind to any idea of a period for their entire destruction.

The first object of attraction to the spectator, is the singular and extraordinary appearance of the peaks, their magnitude, height, and variety of figures and forms.

There are some with spiry summits; these show their naked granite sides, shattered and warped by the action of interminable frost; a group of these rises from the bed of the Sutluj, and attain an elevation of about 20,000 feet; they rise pyramidally, and shoot into spires, while thousands of feet are occupied in such steep slopes as to be unable to sustain the snow but in the hollows that have been formed in them. The portions of the bare surface consequently suffer most from the efforts of unceasing frost, which acts upon them in such a way as that when viewed with a glass, they have the singular appearance of shelves or layers of banks heaped one upon the other.

Others form perfect cones; one of vast magnitude is seen north of the pass. The surfaces of these are so entirely incased, that they appear, not snowy mountains, but mountains of pure snow. Then come the inclined planes, of astonishing grandeur, descending from the highest peaks, breaking off with a precipitous fall of many hundred feet, and backed upon their northern side by a mural face of great depth. Two of these remarkable appearances are seen amongst the declining slopes of the eastern range of the hills and even from the plains.

The obliquity of their position, while it exposes them to a heavy coat of snow, prevents their being divested of it by an avalanche, and at all seasons they exhibit the same appearance; but in May and June, till the commencement of the rains, they are open to the influence of a cloudless sky, with a thawing and freezing alternately, which encrusts their surface, and produces the sparkling beauty of a glacier, forming certainly the grandest scenery of the Himalayah. Of all the singular and imposing forms, the most magnificent are the table summits,

One of these enormous masses rises near Wangtoo; its summit is perfectly level, and throws down a precipitous rugged front, which stretches out into a slope or bosom covered with snow. Upon its table surface is a vertical layer of great depth, and the line of union of this wall of snow with its craggy face, is well defined, and has a very strange effect. The base of this mountain sends forth a river, whose channel of solid granite is scooped and worn into cavities, recording the violence and turbulence of its stream.

Such are a few of those remarkable natural appearances which baffle all attempts at faithful description; and if within the range of vision, which is not extensive, such singularly striking objects arrest the eye, what may not be anticipated throughout a chain of such extent. A vertical wall of 3000 feet has in vain been searched for amongst the European Alps; yet here, where nature astonishes by her unparalleled magnitude, she may present even something more wonderful, in the deep valleys which every where intersect the great ridges of this stupendous range.

By a series of barometrical observations, the extreme altitude of the pass is not under 15,100 feet, a height, according to theory, abandoned by animal and vegetable life. The peaks or walls on each side shew the ravages of time and weather.

The eastern wall rises with a considerable inclination for five or six hundred feet; thence starting backwards, it terminates in a crown of snow perhaps one thousand five hundred or two thousand feet higher.

The western peak, or rather wall, is literally a pile of mouldering fragments, and rises to about five or six hundred feet; the ascent is impracticable, higher than thirty or forty feet, where are the usual emblems of adoration; so that a spectator, standing on the crest, is not forcibly attracted by the imposing figure or magnitude of the bending cliffs. Beyond the west wall, is another break or pass, which the work of ruin has not yet made traversable; but so rapid is the decay that a few years must level the dividing ridge, and leave a grand breach. Its western side rises to a towering summit deeply clad in snow, and corresponds with the opposite or eastern one, being about two thousand feet in height. The space within these may exceed a mile. In the descent on either side, the cliffs recede, forming a dell; upon the north carrying the stream from the thawing snow to the Sutluj, and on the south sending a branch to the Pubbur.

The prospect towards that stream is banked up by an arm of the grand range, which is crossed by the pass. The Pubbur has its source at the junction, and washes its base in its primitive form, for ten or twelve miles to Jungleyh, where it loses its peaked and disordered figure, exchanging its cap of snow for a coat of grass, and continuing a few miles at a height of twelve thousand feet, with a surface of partial vegetation and patches of snow.

The Pubbur, now strengthened by the numerous streams that roll down from the

whole extent of the last mountains of Himalayah, runs south-west, to about thirty or thirty-five miles from its source, then at one bend flowing easterly, nearly parallel with the great chain, receiving many supplies, it finally joins the Jans.

The descent upon the Pubbur side is very abrupt, much exceeding in extent that on the north side, and seems to owe it to a southern aspect, ploughed and torn by the loosened fragments, and its surface swept by rushing streams, which, descending abruptly from the snows, roll away the soil that can hardly be renewed.

A bright and even powerful sun in the day, thaws the snow that soaks into the crevices, and this freezing with the approach of night, bursts the rocks asunder with a tremendous noise. This is the season when the vast crashes happen, yet they are equally liable to occur in the spring, when the supporting ledge, already shattered, is borne down by the load of snow. From the bulk of some of the pieces now at the foot of the mountains, an idea may be formed of their destructive conflict when in full motion; some are detached with their supporting bed, and in their course, carrying before them all that they meet in their way, bring down even whole fields, which settle in the soil of the first level in their way; others, more remotely displaced, and perhaps of greater magnitude, set off with a bound, and their superior velocity and impelling massiveness, as they strike against other rocks in their passage, instead of loosening them, only wedge them into greater firmness; so that, unincumbered, they keep on, till opposed by masses which are fixed in immoveable security, when they are shivered into thousands of fragments; others again, meeting in their route with no obstacles, acquire an overwhelming impulse, which their length of passage increases, and these tear up the grassy slope, and sweep before them every thing in their way.

The soil near the summit of the pass certainly cannot be generated; the scanty growth of inorganic life is insufficient to maintain a re-production, as is the case along the slope near the base, where the exuberance of vegetation replenishes the waste, and produces noble trees of thirty and thirty-six feet circumference; and the rock of the Himalayah, even if decomposed, is quite unfavourable to vegetation.

For half a mile, the declivity upon the Pubbur side is amazingly steep, and then it softens into a plain, thickly studded with the hardest productions of the earth, yet it is not of a less elevation than 13 or 14,000 feet, which in latitude 31° 23' is much above the line of perpetual frost, as laid down theoretically. This, and other observations more prominent, must considerably affect the foundation of the general principles of congelation.

Upon the northern declivity of the pass lies a vast unbroken sheet of snow, which never melts; it descends from the crest in a wall form, and is thence expanded over the whole of the valley for about a mile, where this astonishing mass reclines against the brow of the pass. The depth of

snow must be great; the general quality of the rock of the pass and its surrounding peaks is gneiss and quartz, but it is difficult to ascertain the true substance, as all the pieces within reach are detached from above; no real granite was observed, so that we may conclude none exists upon the more lofty eminences that rise on each side.

The ridge of the pass, according to the formula of congelation, is 4000 feet within that limit, yet this prodigious altitude is not abandoned by nature; tufts of moss and grass, with a light soil, are seen all the way to the top, and even rise on each side to 2 and 300 feet, while higher up, on the rugged cliffs that are doomed to sustain perpetual snow, animated nature finds a habitation, and ravens and small birds have their nests there.

On our arrival here we found it necessary, from the scanty supply of fire wood brought with us, to part with the best proportion of our servants, who had just time to reach the wooded valley. It would have been a fine task for a painter, to have sketched the physiognomy of our servants. Although the sun shone brightly, the wind chilled the temperature, which was at 40°; the sudden transition was strongly experienced by them, and now the warmest hour of the day produced some thoughts of the rigour of approaching night. Those who had to remain, shewed miserable contortions, while the others, who had the prospect of comfort below, forced into a better shape their spasmodic visages of despair.

As evening advanced, clouds gathered, which threw down a light shower of snow, and when these cleared away, they left a sky of deep azure. By sun set the thermometer had fallen to 32°; before it grew dark, we banked ourselves round with snow, and our proximity to it, (being inside) we thought extremely lucky. The tent was very crazy, and we were obliged to load it with snow to keep it from being blown away; a single bundle of wood had to last for the night, and part of next day, till fresh supplies arrived. People of all sorts and descriptions crowded into the tent, and added to the temperature; as we could not afford a blaze, we sat in a cloud of smoke, which the frosty wind forced into our eyes, and down our throats; yet this, however disagreeable, was more adapted to our feelings than the biting air without.

The fire was a source of comfort to look at, for warmth was generated only by the exertion necessary to keep it alive. Spirits seemed really to have lost their strength, and had scarcely any effect in keeping us warm. Having to inhale the smoky atmosphere, we formed a circle around the fire, which only appeared at times, and then by the application of the blow-pipe. The snow within the tent was very convenient for a supply of water, of which we ascertained the excellent qualities in punch. To avert in some degree the annoyance of the smoke, we used tobacco; but this too, like the spirits, fell short of its usual stimulating powers, and was only of some benefit when burning as fuel.

The wind blew in puffs, and shook off the

snow from our tent, so as to render it less stable. The only chair we had, served to support the barometer, and we sat upon the ground. We formed altogether a motley groupe, but such a scene was neither foreign to our experience or feelings, and was not without its interest. For a while, indeed, we might have forgotten our lofty situation, guarded by frowning peaks with their eternal winter, till the faint sound of a distant crash broke the silence, and the noise of nearer destruction pressed closely upon our thoughts, while the hard texture of our beds often acutely reminded us of our position, and obliged us to shift about for more accommodation rest, so that there was a perpetual stirring and agitation inside as well as out. A blink of the fire occasionally shewed us the self-arranged fragments that had perhaps once crowned the walls of the pass. The ground upon which we sat was encrusted with the ice, and thawing by the fire, gave to some uneasiness, and to others amusement. Every thing had its time, and at length the scene changed into one more distressing than I can describe. An unpleasant sensation of drowsiness felt in the evening gradually increased after dusk, and by nine o'clock had almost overpowered any attempt to sit up. The whole party but myself lay asleep; the fire hardly threw a faint shadow, and the cold increased with the night. I had hoped for some relief from my head-ache by rest, but the deep pain and fullness about my temples became more violent, with a tightness across my eyes; and a reclining posture seemed to add to it. Towards midnight the pain grew insupportable, and occasioned loud sighs and groans. I can compare it to nothing less than what could arise from an iron hoop screwed to its last hold. It was a sensation unlike to any thing I ever before experienced. There was no affection of the breathing. At daylight the acuteness of the pain passed into a confused numbness, and all the next day my head was like a burthen of lead; I in vain tried to trace it to the punch we had drunk; I recollected Mr. Moorcroft's similar situation, and that I had felt it myself in a small degree at our preceding encampment at an elevation of 12,000 feet. I was aware of the rarefaction of the atmosphere, and of the poisonous plants said (but I believe erroneously) to be the cause of the tenuity of the air. Was this the sole cause, we should expect to find the effect more regularly present; the Goorkalis and servants suffered slightly: the former were aware of the circumstance, but ascribed it to the influence of a plant that flourishes beneath the snow.

The temperature at sunrise ranged from 22° to 27°; by 3 p. m. the thermometer had mounted to 40° and 43°; and by evening it had fallen to 32°. The sun did not appear to us till 8 a. m. and the temperature had not then risen above one degree.

Not expecting our route to lie out of the valley of Sutlej, and in the hopes of expanding the view south, we resolved to climb up the slope of the eastern peak, which seemed to favour the attempt. Commencing

with rock and soil mixed, the latter soon disappeared, and left unsupported, the jutting crags rent to their centre; blocks of quartz, and gneiss veined with quartz, lay loose. Passing these, we came to shelves of black horizontally disposed strata now leaning on each other for support. A dyke of these appeared so threatening as to destroy my resolution of proceeding; but the Goorkali mounted, and we followed, not however without reflection that we had no business there.

After ascending what appeared the most formidable bar to our advance, we held on, now meeting with the snow, which lay in patches and yielded at first slightly to the foot; for awhile we followed as much as possible the line of it, hoping in this manner to reach the slope of the hardened summit; but this deepening with the increasing altitude, we tried the nature of the tract beneath. We still kept on, sinking as we rose: all before us was jumble of points of rock, the space between being filled up with snow, which latterly became a treacherous guide, giving way to our knees, and appalled us from proceeding. Yet I think the passage to the frozen summit might be effected with caution, and the prospect enlarged. A series of bearings taken from either of the peaks would be of vast importance towards fixing the relative positions of many principal points. We had risen about four hundred feet, and seemed level with the western wall of the pass; and had the rainy season terminated ten days earlier, we might have succeeded.

On the third day of our halt we resolved to see the source of the Pubbur, and with a barometer of unexceptionable accuracy, and a good thermometer, we descended to the emanating plain, crossed the streams that flowed from the pass in many rills prior to their union with the Pubbur, and ascending steep slopes, wound along a grassy bank studded with rocks, and at last getting upon the ridge which encompassed the collected fountains of the river, were brought into the view of a beautiful lake, encircled with rock, sheeted with snow and ice. The effect produced was inexpressibly grand; it was a surface of ice coated with snow of a foot in depth, and contained the springs of the river which emerged from beneath an arched canopy of solid ice. The circumference exceeded a mile, and upon its southern and eastern sides, was bounded by rocks. In the centre of the lake was a chasm of perhaps twenty feet in depth. I looked down the gap of solid ice, and saw the springs of the streams which feed the Pubbur dripping from the mass I stood upon. I paced along the base of the rocks, which rise with an abrupt face, and shew a strangely packed mass, not of shattered but of wrinkled aspect, and resisting from their peculiar structure the decay of time and weather. The strata seemed vertical, and their wall-sided form is continuous with the chain that limits the southern side of the valley of the Pubbur, and which is here united with the parent range, at the bend of the lake, and running down parallel with the stream,

preserves an elevation of between fifteen and sixteen thousand feet, to near Jungleh. The nature of the rock appears to be gneiss, granite, and quartz; and it has a most curious rusty aspect.

Above the mural portion, which is of considerable height, the rocks slant towards the summit, and upon the slope lie banks of congealed snow and ice, having a perpendicular brow of packed appearance, so much resembling blocks of marble and quartz, that I doubted for some time of their reality. No fragments of rock lay upon the ice, or within the circle, which argues that this structure crumbles at its surface, and is not fractured or split into shelves. Upon the expanse of it were ridges of pebbles and sand mixed, shaped into the figure of graves. The pebbles were of all varieties, not so much worn as those found upon a sea-shore, but singularly smooth; by what action is difficult to say, for no river falls over them. The sand was exactly the same as sea-sand. Upon the ice grew a solitary violet surrounded by a tuft of earth, far from either bank; how it came there, and by what means it flourished, it would be difficult to say. It was the only living thing upon the ice, and truly might be said to be among the flowers that the poet describes as

— born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

At the exit of the stream the barometer showed 18° 200°, thermometer 40°, temperature of the water 36°, depth about four inches, breadth three feet, the arch very low, but affording room for the eye to trace the current to its inaccessible source. The under surface of the sheet of ice was thawing in the form of a shower of rain, and afforded from its extent the greater mass of the water. Above this there was about a hundred feet of vertical side, which barred all access. A second basin seemed to receive its waters from the frozen banks of snow, and sent down a stream which entered at the margin of the lake, or union of the rock, so that the original springs of the Pubbur and all the great rivers that flow from the snow, may not inaptly be said to be on the highest peaks of the Himalayah.

The open or western edge of the lake is supported by a steep face of rock, seven or eight hundred feet, rising from the valley, which it closes; and almost immediately after the escape of the stream from its icy source, it is tumbled over the precipice. The cleft passage for its transit, is the work of the current. The Pubbur falls over a vertical wall of rock from hence, and meeting with sharp points and angles in its way, it is precipitated in a showery cascade to the valley, and after quitting the rock of its source for a sandy bed, receives the stream of the pass, and glides in union with it along the dell, in tortuous silvery brilliancy.

The northern bank of the lake is coated with soil, and was overspread with many Alpine plants, some in flower, others running to seed; they enlivened the gloom of perpetual winter that hung over us, yet exhibited how transient was the season of summer at this altitude.

The route of our return was not without considerable difficulty and danger, frequently crossing the paths of avalanches, and of loose masses of rock. Some of the passages were extremely hazardous to get over, and the delay and caution necessary for our security brought to a nearer view the effect of those ponderous messengers of destruction. Notwithstanding we took what we conceived to be a road that would land us high upon the slope of the pass, we were brought to the grassy plain, and finding a flock of birds of novel appearance, we loitered amongst them till sunset, without having a single shot.

In ascending to the tent, which we did not reach till dark, although the perpendicular height could not have exceeded 1,500 feet, I was quite exhausted. The oppression which interrupted respiration and affected me with giddiness, together with a general lassitude and sluggishness, obliged me to rest about twenty times. A light headache and throbbing in the temples was also occasioned. These, and other symptoms far more decisive, which I shall hereafter mention, strengthen the supposition that the subtlety of the atmosphere at these altitudes is the direct cause which acts in different degrees on the human constitution, proportionally to the susceptibility of the individual subjected to it.

At Rampoor, the capital at Bussahir, the breadth of the Sutluj is two hundred and ten feet, and it is called there the Satroodra, or Sutluj, i. e. Sutledge, a corruption.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, MARCH 18.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

BACHELORS IN DIVINITY.—Rev. Rowland Grove Curteis; Rev. Edward Whitehead, Fellows of C. C. C.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. James Evans Phillips, of Queen's College; Stephen Greyke, Scholar of Corpus Christi College; John Blake Kirby, of Magdalen Hall; Rev. Samuel Hollinsed Burrows, of Pembroke College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—William Arniestead, of Brasenose College; Duncombe Steele Perkins, of Trinity College.

25th, Wednesday last, the Rev. Charles Crane, M. A. of Wadham College, was admitted to the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity. Same day Thomas Bracken, Scholar of Queen's College, was admitted Bachelor of Arts.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 17.

The Chancellor's Medallists for the present year (Messrs. Waddington and Platt, of Trinity College) have been decided by the examiners to be equal.

The Rev. William Jones, Fellow of St. John's College, has presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum, a beautiful set of casts, taken from a collection of antique medals, which he brought with him from Greece.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 132. *A Village Concert.*—W. Ingalton.

It is said, that "In a multitude of counsellors there is safety." But of art, it may be truly observed, that in a multitude of figures there is danger: more especially before the judgment is matured, and the practice sufficient to enable the painter to dispose of them judiciously. Otherwise so many claims are made upon the attention, that nothing is seen to advantage. It is under this view we consider the Village Concert; in which there is no want of individual excellence, or of just and striking expression, which might have been husbanded to advantage.

Something of meagreness is evident in the present performance, which a better use of the means, and a more competent knowledge of the fundamental principles of the art, will enable Mr. Ingalton to overcome.

No. 186. *The Dull Lecture.*—G. S. Newton.

Frostie age! frostie age!
Vaine all your learning,
Drowsie page, drowsie page,
Evermore turning.
Young heade no lore will beede,
Young hearte's a reckless rover,
Young beaute while you reade,
Sleeping, dreames of absent lover.

A very lively little picture, in which the story is well told, and very appropriate to the lines quoted; but would have been readily understood even without them.

No. 275. *A Heath Scene near Rygate.*—J. Wilson.

This little inartificial scene is entitled to every commendation; simple in its character, unaffected in its colouring, its truth of imitation at once stamps its value, and shows the study and skill of the artist.

No. 207. *Coast Scene; Morning.*—J. Wilson. *A Watery Place, &c.* and several others, are in the same style of simplicity and truth.

No. 118. *The visit of Sir Hudibras to the Lady.*—F. P. Stephenoff.

Madam, I do, as is my duty.
Worship the shadow of your shoe-tie.

This is one of the prettiest little cabinet pictures we have seen of this master, whether we consider it as a pleasing composition, a just delineation of character and expression, or a variety of well applied and interesting accessories. Its colouring is brilliant, and the pencilling firm without hardness. We are amused by the ridiculous presumption of the Knight, with so grotesque a form, aspiring to the love of so fair a lady, whose arch looks are sufficient to show the esteem in which she holds the addresses of such a lover. A looking-glass on the table is well contrived to show the eye of Hudibras, which his bent posture otherwise conceals. It is upon the whole, a very fascinating performance; though in the purple tints we somewhat miss the portrait drawn by Butler, with beard resembling a tile.

No. 16. *A scene from the Devil upon Two Sticks.*—A. E. Chalon, R. A.

This Chamber Scene is much indebted to

the quotation for its explanation, for without it we could not have entered into that compound and complicated expression which we are instructed to look for; and should only have admired the skill of the artist in producing a very clever effect of light and form; and have guessed at the *l'écrit-à-écrit* conversation that was going on. It is a voluptuous picture.

No. 18. *Maternal Happiness—by the same.*
Is rather monotonous, but with a considerable share of just expression and character.

No. 151. *L'Escomateur, or the Jugglers.*
No. 185. *Gardens of the Tuileries.*—J. T. Chalon.

We are again introduced to the scenes and characters of Paris, with the same spirit and vivacity of pencil by which this artist has heretofore entertained us.

The humour of the jugglers is most happily hit off, and the girl blowing upon the cards, in all the simplicity of wonder, is well contrasted by the ostentatious character of the mountebank. The other figures find their places in an appropriate manner, with all the gaud of Paris finery. We have only to lament that a crudeness of colours takes so much from the value of a very capital (i. e. Parisian) performance.

No. 301. *Mercury bringing the golden apple to Paris.*—C. L. Eastlake.

Mr. Eastlake has occupied himself in conformity to the school of design, and evinced sufficient talent to warrant our favourable expectations. To display skill in composition, the choice of subject is of small importance; but the heathen mythology has little interest in the present day, unless accompanied with extraordinary merits in form or colouring: the colouring of Mr. Eastlake is dry and opaque.

No. 263. *The Old Piper.*—J. G. Strutt.

Mr. Strutt's is a very excellent performance. We think the head of the old man would have had still more interest without the introduction of the child, which is very inferior in its execution, and takes from the effect of the picture.

No. 266. *A View in Rotterdam.*—J. B. Crome, Jun.

To the breadth and clearness by which this view is distinguished, we may add that it possesses a tone of colour equally advantageous to its character and effect. We have seldom seen water painted so truly transparent, or reflections more just.

No. 150 and 159. *The Cobler, &c.*—Kidd.

High finishing and great labour is often exercised upon subjects little deserving the pains bestowed; and where effect is wanting, whether it arise from the failure of just expression, or the ill management of the light and shade, the means, however excellent, will by the judicious be overlooked: we do not mean to apply these remarks directly to this artist, who is young and extremely clever; but something of them we think attaches to his works.

No. 19. *A celebrated Scotch Stag Hound, &c.*—G. Hayter.

There is great interest given to the portrait of this dog, as well by the judicious ac-

cessories, as by the contrast of colour. The back ground is in a bold and appropriate style, and the whole presents fidelity of imitation with a sufficient union of the picturesque. The action is however very feeble: the dog is quite destitute of the animation which its situation requires.

No. 29. *Bit and Puppies.*—T. Christmass.
A beautiful group, highly finished, and displaying great skill in the variety of form and character.

No. 158. *Earthen Ware.* No. 174. *Still Life.* No. 178. *The Combat: and 181. Battle, a Study.*—A. B. Cooper. R. A.

There is little to distinguish these several performances, from preceding productions of this artist. He has contrasted the objects of domestic and still life, with those of war and destruction. The battle and the combat have great energy of character, with more that appears like locality, than generally belongs to subjects of this class. His still life might vie with the best productions of the Flemish School. That of earthen ware is sweetly pencilled, but we think is wanting in effect. The drawing of some of Mr. Cooper's horses is faulty, which must be the result of carelessness, for he possesses high powers in this line.

No. 75. *The Coolin from Loch Seavigh.*
No. 123. *Dunrobin Castle.*—W. Daniel. A. R. A.

The first of these is a stupendous specimen of the sublime in nature, brought into view by the power of art, displaying the skill of the artist equally in the choice and in the management of his subject. Clothed with a gloomy grandeur, the effect of light and shade is made to bear both upon the near and distant objects, but in a manner well suited to the romantic appearance of the scene.

No. 201. *Idea of Jupiter Pluvius, &c.*—J. M. Gandy.

This picture has already had our remarks in the last exhibition at the Royal Academy. Mr. Gandy has no fewer than nine other subjects at this Institution, all of them so much alike in character (though upon a smaller scale), that they appear as satellites to the Pluvian Jupiter. There is something too much of this; and the want of variety in style is no advantage to abundance. We mention this rather as a hint, that the talents of this artist (which are acknowledged to be of the highest class in this walk of art) ought to be reserved and cherished, and not made cheap by frequency or number.

No. 105. *A Country Girl.* No. 52. *A Student.* No. 143. *A Pastoral.*—H. P. Bone

The first of these is a clear and pleasing specimen of Mr. Bone's pencil, and also possesses that character of simplicity and innocence which should belong to the character. The situation of this, as well as No. 52, is very unfavorable to investigation. The pastoral is a congenial scene: the composition is well imagined, and executed with much skill.

No. 24. *Attachment.*—W. Davison.

A pretty picture of a child and dog, with some clever colouring. This young artist does well in looking so attentively to Sir Joshua.

No. 58. *Danger.*—W. Willes.

As we are not acquainted with the performances of this artist, we take occasion to say that this work displays considerable powers of imagination, and originality of composition. The effect of light and shade is also well suited to the subject.

No. 69. *View near the Beach.*—S. Woodin, Jun.

A very picturesque assemblage of buildings, with a good deal of the Flemish School in it. The children at fun in the water, are whimsically employed, and impart comic interest to the scene; which wants a little airtint alone to render it uniformly honourable to the young painter.

No. 140. *A Cottage near Sudbury, by the same Artist.*—is in a fine mellow tone of colour, and shows his powers to great advantage.

Mr. Ripplingill's picture of the Razor Grinder, is placed far below the level of its merits; and Mr. Vincent's View of Edinburgh is obtruded upon the eye with equal disadvantage to its effect. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it an extraordinary work, if it could be seen in its proper place, which requires a greater distance than has been allowed.

Christ's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem, and other Pictures.—by Mr. Haydon.

Few pictures have come before the public under more disadvantage than Mr. Haydon's Triumphant Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, now exhibiting in Mr. Bullock's Great Room: it has been much spoken of, long delayed, and an object of high expectation. The artist has also some adversaries in the Royal Academy, with which body he has been at war; and, as a general controversialist on subjects of art, he has further exposed his pretensions to individual opposition. His claims may therefore look to be critically canvassed.

At the same time there are some considerations peculiar to the present time, on his side. He puts forth his strength most opportunely, at the very moment when our National School is deploring the loss of such abilities as those of Mr. West, unrivalled as, in many respects, his historical compositions undoubtedly were. At such an epoch it is consoling to the admirers of British art to witness the exhibition of other talents supplying to the public regard an assurance of the sustentation of our fame.

The grandeur of the attempt is another fact favourable to the artist; and it is to be hoped, that whenever we have painters who aim at the noblest achievements in their profession, we shall find a sentiment in the country kind towards them, and encouraging towards their arduous exertions. In this spirit, at least, we shall speak of this superb work; and where we happen to differ from the genius which conceived and executed it, that opinion shall be expressed not only with candour leaning to partiality, but with deference allied to doubt. That the picture is splendid and imposing, every eye will confess at the first glance; that it is one of the most sublime productions of this age and country, will, we think, be acknowledged on reflection,

by every intelligent mind. Yet, notwithstanding this excellence, and the notion of Mr. Haydon, respecting his principal figure, we cannot help considering it to be the least felicitous part of his design. The salmon colour of the dress does not accord with our taste; nor can we imagine that either in broad simplicity of drapery, in personal dignity, or in divine expression of countenance, the Christ is equal to that ideal perfection which we require from a master's hand.* The forms of the features do not seem to us to be physiognomically fine; and the light hair, by depriving the painter of all those accessory powers which are seated in the eye-brows has confirmed the inferior cast of the face. We reluctantly say this, because, if we are correct, it is a blemish of no slight magnitude; and if not well founded it is a double wrong: contrary to our inclination, depreciating Mr. Haydon's skill, and impeaching our own judgement. We shall endeavour, however, to get briefly over our other critical objections. The general tone of colour is undoubtedly too crude and harsh for any picture;—and above all, for a sacred subject, the gauds of a bed of tulips are inappropriate. But a few years will, we presume, do much in remedying this defect; and then the eye of the spectator will find that necessary repose which is now denied it. We must believe that Mr. Haydon has been trying experiments in colouring, and it is not unlikely that what now appears violent, may, by time, be sobered down till as exquisite as parts of the Judgement of Solomon, or that sleeping Page in Macbeth, one of the finest things, in every respect, of ancient or modern art. Having honestly stated our chief objections, it is with unmixed satisfaction that we turn to the merits of this performance, many of which are of the highest order. The whole conception is grand, and full of genius. The Saviour is in the centre, riding on an ass, surrounded by groups celebrated in the history of his earthly mission and celestial miracles. On the foreground are colossal figures of the Canaanitish woman, spreading her garment on his path, and the centurion, laying his civic crown and sword at his feet; and Lazarus prostrate in adoration. On the left of the beholder, a mother bringing a black-haired and repentant daughter for pardon; behind whom is a married sister, with a child, and another female friend. The attitudes and expression in these are truly admirable. A little further on is Joseph of Arimathea. On the right are the disciples, of whom John is a delightful head, replete with beautiful enthusiasm, and Peter a powerful study. On the right of these, among the Spectators, are portraits of Newton, Voltaire, and Wordsworth—intelligence, scepticism, and patriarchal simplicity personified. A little lower

* To show what different opinions may exist on this subject, it may suffice to mention that Mrs. Siddons (no incompetent judge of the majestic and awful) expressed her decided admiration of the Christ. Quite unlike any other representation of his divinity, it would be astonishing if all connoisseurs agreed upon its character.

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down, a capital head of Jairus and his daughter, in humble thankfulness; a sweet figure, though we should have preferred natural shadow to the brown flesh-colour which, owing to the rawness of the whole, the painter has felt to be requisite in this individual, placed where she is on the canvass. The Mount of Olives is in the distance, with a brilliant sky of Palestine. The multitude is represented by an ocean of heads, at once picturesque and magnificent. On one side are two pillars, on the other a building. Such are the prominent features of the Triumphant Entry. If we do not dwell on the elegance, grace, and interest of the female group; on the grand manner displayed in the Centurion and Woman of Canaan; on the feeling and pathos in Jairus and his daughter; on the fine character in John; on the boldness of the invention, in regard to the innumerable faces; and on the excellencies of the whole composition, it is only because our limits are too small for that adequate eulogy to which we consider the work to be so justly entitled.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A STORM.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY
A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

There was a Tempest brooding in the air,
Far in the west. Above, the skies were fair,
And the sun seemed to go in glory down;
One small black cloud, (one only,) like a crown
Touched his descending disk and rested there:
Slow then it came along, to the great wind
Rebellious, and altho' it blew and blew,
Came on increasing, and across the blue
Spread its dark shape and left the sun behind.
The daylight sank, and the winds wailed about
The barque wherein the luckless couple lay,
And from the distant cloud came scattering out
Rivers of fire: it seemed as tho' the day
Had burst from out the billows far away.
No pilot had they their small boat to steer
Aside from rocks; no sea-worn mariner,
Who knew each creek and bay and sheltering
steep,

And all the dangers of the turbulent deep.
They fled for life,—(for happiness is life,)—
And met the Tempest in his hour of strife
Abroad upon the waters: They were driven
Against him by the angry winds of Heaven;
Or thus it seemed:—The clouds, the air, the
sea,

Rose from unnatural dead tranquillity,
And came to battle with their legions: Hail
Shot shattering down, and thunders roared
aloud,
And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud
Unbound his arrowy pinions blue and pale,
And darted through the heavens. Below, the
gale

Sang like a dirge, and the white billows lashed
The boat, and then like ravenous lions dashed
Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told
Of ghastly perils as they backward rolled.

The lovers driven along from hour to hour,
Were helpless—hopeless—in the ocean's power.
The storm continued; and no voice was heard,
Save that of some poor solitary bird,
That sought a shelter on the quivering mast;
But soon borne off by the tremendous blast,

Sank in the waters screaming. The great sea
Bared, like a grave, its bosom silently,
Then fell and panted like an angry thing
With its own strength at war: The vessel flew
Towards the land, and then the billows grew
Larger and white, and roared as triumphing,
Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray,
That shone like bright snow as it passed away.
At first, the dolphin and the porpoise dark
Came rolling by them, and the hungry shark
Followed the boat, patient and eager-eyed,
And the gray curlew slanting dipped her side,
And the hoarse gull his wings within the foam;
But some had sunk—the rest had hurried home.
And now pale Julia and her husband clasped
Each in the other's arms sate viewing death;
She, for his sake in fear, silently gasped,
And he to cheer her kept his steady breath,
Talking of hope, and smiled like morning.—

There

They sate together in their sweet despair:
Sometimes upon his breast she laid her head,
And he upon her silent beauty fed,
Hushing her fears, and 'tween her and the storm
Drew his embroider'd cloak to keep her warm;
She thanked him with a look upturned to his,
The which he answered by a tender kiss,
Pressed and prolonged to pain! her lip was cold,
And all her love and terror mutely told.

—The vessel struck.—

B. C.

[By Correspondents.]

THE INCONSISTENT.

When I sent you my melons, you cried out with
scorn,
"They ought to be heavy, and wrinkled and
yellow;"
When I offered myself, whom these graces adorn,
You flouted, and called me an ugly old fellow.

EPIGRAM, IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

A certain specious German vender,
A Jew—by trade a money lender;
At cent per cent, received from Paul
His last sad pledge, his little all.
"Here!" said the profligate young man,
"Rascal! now do the best you can,
Give me the cash, I say you must,
And to your conscience, Sir, I trust."
Abraham, now being left alone,
On Paul's advice began to drone;
"Rascal's term," said he, "I know full well;
What conscience MEANS, I swear, I cannot tell."
March, 1820. A. A.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ORIENTAL PRESENTS AND STYLE.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 21st.—The Persian
Ambassador, Abdul Hassan Khan, on his visit
to this city, was directed to deliver to the em-
press mother an autograph letter, accompa-
nied by several magnificent presents, from
the wife of the Shah:—the Russian journals
have published the following translation of
the letter.

"As long as the elements of which
the world is composed shall last, may
the august lady of the palace of gran-
deur—the cluster of pearls of the king-
dom—the constellation of the stars of
sovereignty—she who bore the sun of the
great empire—the centre of the circle of
sovereignty—the palm tree of the fruit of
supreme authority—may that august prin-

cess be ever happy, and protected from
danger. After offering you my sincere good
wishes, I have the honour to inform you
that, at the happy period in which we live,
and through the great mercy of the Almighty,
the gardens of the two great powers pro-
duce fresh roses, and that the difficulties
which had risen up between the two courts,
are now removed by a sincere reconciliation
and union; all who are connected with these
two courts, acknowledging the great bless-
ing, will never cease to maintain amicable re-
lations and correspondence between them.

"Now that his excellency Mirza Abdul
Hassan Khan, the ambassador to the grand
court of Russia, is about to depart for the
capital of that empire, I have resolved to
open the gates of friendship with the key of
this sincere letter; and, as it is an ancient
custom, conformable to the principles of
friendship and cordiality, that friends should
send presents to each other, I beg of you to
accept a few of the finest products of our
country. I hope that you will refresh with
a few drops of friendly correspondence the
garden of a heart which sincerely loves you.
I entreat you will favour me with some com-
missions, that I may enjoy the pleasure of
fulfilling them. May heaven preserve your
days serene, happy, and glorious!"

(Here follows the signature.)

The presents sent with the letter con-
sisted of a pearl necklace, weighing 498 ca-
rats; five Indian shawls; a casket, a writing
box, and dressing case, furnished with every
necessary; and five pieces of brocade of the
most superb manufacture.

SAVOISI AND THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

—The university of Paris is certainly an
admirable institution; but, like most pri-
vileged corporations, it attaches more im-
portance to the extension of its rights than
to the maintenance of salutary and impartial
discipline. The Rue Pavée Saint Antoine
was once the theatre of an event, which,
had it occurred in our times, would have
been immediately repressed, without being
attended by any deplorable excess. Pignatoli
thus relates the principal circumstances of a
curious contest, which was kept up with ani-
mosity for upwards of a century.

"On the 14th of July, 1408, as the pro-
cession of students was passing through the
Rue du Roi de Sicile,* on its way to the
Church of Sainte Catharine, *Ducal des
Ecoliers*, one of the servants of Charles Sa-
voisi, who had been watering his home,
made it gallop across the street, through the
procession, by which one of the students
was covered with mud. The student struck
the servant, who called the rest of his mas-
ter's domestics to his aid. They pursued
the students to the door of the Church of
Sainte Catharine, where one of the servants
shot several arrows into the Church, one of
which flew to the grand altar, during the
performance of mass. The University pur-

* René, Duke of Anjou, being called to the
throne of Sicily, gave his name to the street
in which he lived before he was invested with the
Neapolitan crown. Under the reign of this
prince, the horrible massacre of the Sicilian
Vespers took place.

sued Savoisi rigorously for this insult; and by a decree of the council of state, at which the king presided, with the princes of the blood, it was ordained that his house should be demolished; and he was condemned to pay a fine of 1500 livres to the wounded, and 1000 livres to the university. Three of Savoisi's servants were condemned to perform penance, stripped to their shirts, with torches in their hands, before the churches of Sainte Genevieve, Sainte Catharine, and Saint Severin; after which they were whipped at the cross-roads of Paris, and banished for three years."

Two years afterwards the king permitted Savoisi to rebuild his house; but the University obstinately opposed this act of royal clemency. It was not until twelve years had elapsed, that they suffered Savoisi to rebuild his house, on the express condition, that the sentence pronounced on him should be engraven on a stone, and placed above the door. The inscription was made, but the stone was fixed up against a wall in the garden. (*French Journal.*)

THE DRAMA.

This being Passion-week, there have been no performances. We observe from the *Guardian*, Sunday News-paper, that Mr. Young is making a triumphant tour in the provinces; and from the *Bath Chronicle*, that Conway has had a benefit worthy of his great talents at Bath, where his acting is so much and so justly admired.

VARIETIES.

The annual quantity of salt raised from the bowels of the earth in Europe, by salt mines and salt springs, is calculated at between 25 and 30 millions of Cwts.

Septic-colour from peat. The stagnant water in peat-bogs affords, on evaporation, a substance whence a colour may be extracted equal to that of Sepia.

Edin. Phil. Journal, No. III.

ANECDOTES.—Buonaparte always considered Moreau as his enemy. To beget a more friendly disposition, he tried to attach him with the bonds of relationship. He with this design caused an article to be inserted in the papers, circulating a report, that Moreau was to marry Napoleon's sister Caroline. Buonaparte purposely put this paper into Moreau's hands, and asked him what he thought of it? Moreau said nothing, but spoke of something else. From this it appeared clear to Buonaparte, that Moreau declined the offer. The relator of this anecdote affirms, that had Buonaparte succeeded in this manoeuvre he would have declared himself Emperor directly after the battle of Marengo.

After the battle of Jena, in which Davoust gained his reputation, somebody asked a French officer who was acquainted with him, what kind of a man he was? he answered, C'est le Duc d'Albe de notre Philippe.

Earthquakes.—On the 6th of October last, a violent earthquake took place at Martinique. The shocks were more remarkable for their duration than their force. No accident however occurred. The earthquake took place during a violent gale; and in the Antilles this singular coincidence between the geological and atmospheric phenomena is by no means unfrequent. In the West Indies and the United States, the yellow fever is attributed to the vapours which rise from the cracks occasioned by earthquakes; and it is asserted that the disease was unknown in Jamaica previous to the year 1692, when the city of Port-Royal was destroyed by an earthquake. This opinion is not however confirmed by facts: for the last eighteen months no earthquake has taken place at Martinique, and this intermission, which has been much longer than usual, has had no influence on the yellow fever. It has continued to rage during the above interval with more or less violence.

A lithographic caricature, just published at Paris, represents John Bull leading his wife to Smithfield market with a balter about her neck, and with his other hand giving liberty to a female negro his slave. This fancied incongruity of national characteristic affords great delight to the French.

St. Patrick's Day was observed with due festivity by the Irish in the French capital; and the Journalists, with their usual accuracy in British names, inform us that "Sir Thomas Moer," was among the company.

The Pasha of Egypt, it is said, is about to send several young Arabs to Europe, to study the languages and sciences of this quarter of the globe.

Canova has left Rome for Naples, in order to superintend in person the placing of his statue of Charles III., upon the horse, by the late Righetti. The human figure is cast by the son of the last named artist.

In the language of Ayn, the letter *r* is generally softened into *g*; and only pronounced *r* by the priests upon very solemn occasions.

A carriage with snails has recently been exhibited in the Garden Marbeuf, at Paris; the model having been previously submitted to the inspection of the King, by Mesdames Dering and Zettely. It is said that this machine can travel at the rate of twelve leagues an hour without horses, and upon ice sixteen leagues. Among its admirers, the Proprietors announce the Persian Ambassador, who must consider it a fine invention for caravans traversing the deserts. Perhaps, like the dandy-horses, it will not last beyond the period of exhibition.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Lord Byron's works have been translated into French.

RYMES ON THE ROAD.—By a member of the Poco-curante Society, extracted from his Journal, by Thomas Brown the Younger, author of the "Fudge Family." "Twopen-

ny Post Bag," &c., is we hear to make its appearance before the Fudge Family in Italy, which was previously announced.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH, 1820.

Thursday, 16—Thermometer from 43 to 53. Barometer from 30, 53 to 30, 56.
Friday, 17—Thermometer from 28 to 51. Barometer from 30, 46 to 30, 42.
Saturday, 18—Thermometer from 31 to 46. Barometer from 30, 53 to 30, 49.
Sunday, 19—Thermometer from 34 to 43. Barometer from 30, 45 to 30, 39.
Monday, 20—Thermometer from 33 to 47. Barometer from 30, 44 to 30, 40.
Tuesday, 21—Thermometer from 30 to 49. Barometer from 30, 33 to 30, 12.
Wednesday, 22—Thermometer from 35 to 52. Barometer from 29, 56 to 29, 99.
Thursday, 23—Thermometer from 41 to 52. Barometer from 29, 58 to 29, 28.
 Wind S. W. 1 and 3.—Clouds generally passing, till the evening when it became clear.
 Rain fallen .05 of an inch.
Friday, 24—Thermometer from 31 to 51. Barometer from 29, 27 to 29, 10.
 Wind S. W. 3.—Generally cloudy, with sunshine. A fine halo formed in the evening.
 Rain fallen .025 of an inch.
Saturday, 25—Thermometer from 31 to 51. Barometer from 29, 36 to 29, 73.
 Wind N. and N. b. W. 1.—Generally clear, with clouds passing.
Sunday, 26—Thermometer from 24 to 50. Barometer from 29, 92 to 29, 83.
 Wind S. W. 3.—Generally cloudy, with rain and hail at times.
Monday, 27—Thermometer from 45 to 51. Barometer from 29, 90 to 30, 00.
 Wind S. W. 1 and 2.—Generally cloudy.
 Rain fallen .05 of an inch.
Tuesday, 28—Thermometer from 35 to 59. Barometer from 30, 15 to 30, 22.
 Wind S. W. 1 and 2.—Generally cloudy, with sunshine. The greater part of a halo formed between 8 and 9 o'clock this evening.
Wednesday, 29—Thermometer from 41 to 60. Barometer from 30, 26 to 30, 22.
 Wind S. W. 1.—Morning and noon cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear.
 Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Of W.'s Poem to Sophia, we can only insert the concluding lines.

But man is born to bear the storm
 Of fate; and when he views the shore
 Of all his joys, fast from him torn,
 Earth then appears but a vale of
 Sadness; he's glad to shuffle off
 Its surface. Come what may, he fears
 No hell worse than—that that which sears
 His heart:—Fell disappointment—ah!

The Editor has seen The Harp of the Desert, &c. and the impression on his mind was, that he had reviewed it in the Literary Gazette. He does not, however, discover it in the index, and supposes it must have been accidentally mislaid, after being marked out for notice. He will be happy to see the copy of his friendly correspondent.

A. B. M. is too warm for us, though we admire his poetry.

Tedpa has astonished us—chiefly by the puzzle where, not understanding English, he stole a Greek signature.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily, from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon. Closes 8th April.

JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," is now open for Exhibition, at Bullock's Great Room, upstairs to the right, from ten till six.—Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.
"Fear not Daughter of Zion; behold the King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt."

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for April, is embellished with a fine portrait of his present Majesty, George IV. and contains among other interesting articles.—1. Remarks on the Literary, Scientific, Political, and Moral Progress of Great Britain, during the reign of George III.; with some observations on the state of the Empire at the accession of his present Majesty George IV. 2. On the genius and influence of Woman, with anecdotes. The Monastery, a Romance, by the author of Waverley, &c. 3. Healthful elements of a plan for the payment of the national debt. 4. On the love of our country. 5. Adventures of a Traveller, in the Island of St. Jago, from an unpublished MS. 6. On the education of the natives of India. 7. Spain and the Inquisition. 8. On the present state of the English Stage, No. 2, comprising strictures on Messrs. Munden, Elliston, C. Kemble, Liston, Farren, Dowton, Fawcett, Emery, Knight, Jones, &c. Mr. Davison, C. Kemble, and Edwin, Misses Kelly, Stephens, Tree, Byrne, &c. 9. Williams' Travels in Italy, Greece, &c. 10. On Oriental Music. 11. Ottomar, a Tale. 12. Mr. Henning and the Elgin Marbles. 13. On the Literature and Arts of the early Romans. 14. Remarks on the British Gallery, By Mr. Carey. 15. Dramatic Notices. 16. Italian opera. 17. Varieties, Literary and Scientific. 18. Callaud's discoveries in Egypt. 19. New publications, with critical remarks. 20. New Inventions and Discoveries. 21. Reports, Literary, Meteorological, Agricultural and Commercial. 22. Historical Digest of Political Events. 23. Interesting Occurrences, Promotions, Births, Marriages, and Deaths; with Biographical particulars of the most celebrated persons. The three preceding Numbers for the present year are embellished with portraits of his late Majesty, the Duke of Kent, Viscount Castlereagh, and Antonio Canova; and the next Number will be embellished with a fine portrait of the late Benjamin West, Esq. engraved in the line manner, by Cooke, after the painting by Harlowe. Those persons who may be desirous of commencing with the present year are requested to transmit their orders without delay to their respective booksellers or newsmen. London: Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street, to whom communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed.

Embellished with a Portrait of his late Majesty George III. Price 1s.—No. IV. of

THE IMPERIAL MAGAZINE. Containing an interesting Narrative of the Baptism of two Boodhu High Priests, by Adam Clarke, LL.D. also a brief Memoir of his late Majesty George III.; Historical facts respecting Popery; Queries on study and learning; Memoir of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent; Astronomical Observations for April; the Death Watch; on the Eternal Sonship of Christ; Geological Essay on the duration of the Mosaic days of the Creation; Superstition of the fifteenth Century; Poems of Tyrtæus; Review of Roddes's Lectures on Practical Religion; Recaster's Query, on "Lead us not into temptation;" Remarks on Bromley on the Divine Presence; History of Astronomy; Reply to "Christ's not praying for the World;" Poetry; the Village Boy, Canto III.; Emma's Sacred Ode; Lines on Good Friday; Commercial Report, Prices Current, &c. Printed and Published by Henry Fisher, Liverpool, and 87 Bartholomew Close London, and sold by the Booksellers generally in the United Kingdom.

Encyclopædia Britannica.—New Edition. On the first of April was published, handsomely printed in quarto, with new engravings, price 16s. in boards. Volume First, Part Second, of
THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Sixth edition, revised, corrected, and improved. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 93, Chancery Lane, London, and sold by all booksellers.

* * * The sixth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, now offered to the public, has been much improved, particularly by adapting the geographical and statistical articles to the present state of the world. References have also been made, where necessary, to the new and important articles in the Supplement, now in course of publication; so that the whole will form the most complete repository of general knowledge that has yet been given to the public.

Conditions.—1. The work will consist of twenty volumes, handsomely printed, with nearly six hundred engravings, executed in a superior manner; each volume containing one hundred sheets letter press, or 800 pages.—2. To meet the convenience of every class of purchasers, it will be published in Parts or Half Volumes, each containing fifty sheets letter press, and, at average, fifteen Plates. 3. A part or half-volume will be regularly published on the first day of each month, till the whole is completed; and as the printing of the whole is already considerably advanced, purchasers may depend on the most rigid punctuality of publication.

On the first of April will be published, royal 4to. price 12s. 6d.; large paper, 18s.; India proofs, 1l. 10s.

HAKESVILLE'S and TURNER'S VIEWS in ITALY, illustrative of Addison, Eustace, Forsyth, Rose, &c. No. X. containing

1. Turin, from the Superga Church, engraved by J. Mitton.
2. Tomb of Virgil, engraved by J. Landseer, A. R. A.
3. Rome from the Farnesian Garden, engraved by J. Le Keux.
4. Entrance Loggia, with the Dog; } Museum of Florence, engraved by H. Moses.
5. View in the Gallery; }
6. Plan; }

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE, No. IV. published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, contains, 1. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir John Suckling; 2. Observations on Keat's Endymion; 3. The Bag-piper in Tottenham Court Road; 4. Song; 5. Melancholy; 6. On the Cultivation of the Ancient Literature of the North at the present period; 7. Sentimentalities on the Fine Arts; 8. Observations on some distinctions between the English and Scottish Law; 9. Sonnet to the author of Child Harold; 10. The Grave; 11. Extracts from the Journal of an English Traveller in Palestine; 12. The Leper of the City of Aosta; 13. Sonnets, by W. Cornelius; 14. Biographical Notices of the late Duke of Kent, by a Member of his Household; 15. To my Mother; 16. The Drama; 17. Report of Music, and Account of new Musical publications; 18. Notices of Fine Arts.—Mr. West, the British Institution; 19. Glenclands from Foreign Journals; 20. Medical Article; 21. Rural Economics; 22. Commercial Report; 23. Critical Notices of new Books.—Dr. Meisner's Travels through Germany, Holland, England, and Scotland—London in 1819, by the author of A Year in London; 24. Literary and Scientific Intelligence; Colonial Intelligence; New Acts of Parliament; New Patents; Ecclesiastical Preferences; Bankruptcies; Births, Deaths, and Marriages; Meteorological Register; Markets, &c.

18vo. price 12s. boards.

PRACTICAL ESSAYS ON STRICTURES of the URETHRA and DISEASES of the TESTICLES, including Observations on Fistula in Perineo and Hydrocele, illustrated by numerous Cases and an Engraving; with a Preface, and some Remarks on Life and Organization. By ROBERT BINGHAM, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

"All extremes are errors. The reverse of error is not truth but error. Truth lies between these extremes." Rec. R. Cecil's Remains.

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